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MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK



RELIEF LIQUIDATED: MARCH 1936

JOAN GRAFTON

NED'S GROWING-UP

BLAND MORROW

RURAL SOCIAL WORK

WILMA VAN DUSSELDORP

APRIL, 1937

VOLUME XIII

NUMBER 1

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**MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK IS PUBLISHED
QUARTERLY AT BEREA, KENTUCKY, IN THE
INTEREST OF FELLOWSHIP AND MUTUAL UN-
DERSTANDING BETWEEN THE APPALACHIAN
MOUNTAINS AND THE BEST OF THE NATION.**

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JOAN GRAFTON

I

"I only am escaped to tell thee," muttered the relief supervisor as she entered her empty office. No stenographer, no filing clerk, no disbursing officer, no representative from the state office. "The tumult and the shouting die," she said, relaxing in her chair and looking out at the side of a cone-shaped hill through windows heavily coated with coal dust.

The telephone rang. "Yes, this is Miss Gray. . . . But you know there is no more relief. The program was closed on the first of March. . . . I am sorry, but we have no more funds. . . . Hasn't your husband signed up with the W.P.A.? . . . If he cannot get a doctor, he will have to ask Judge Hunting for help. The county is supposed to take care of such cases now. . . . I am sorry. . . . Has he tried to get Dr. Thompkinson? . . . He won't? . . . I am sorry, we can do nothing."

What a strange, empty feeling! Last week all the machinery humming at concert pitch; some parts creaking, of course, many evidences of overstrain. But now, quiet, the huge dynamo stilled the whirring wheels already beginning to collect coal dust, the active tenders of the great monster scattered.

Again the telephone. "No, I'm sorry. All the county offices are now closed. . . . Yes, there are some commodities being given out. Are you on the list? . . . No, there is no flour just now. . . . You will have to see the commodity clerk. . . ."

Miss Gray turned to the filing cabinets full of the accumulation of three years: correspondence, bulletins, reports, statements, and forms—every imaginable kind of form, pink, white, yellow, blue, earlier forms replaced by later, growing ever more intricate; requisitions, personnel forms, M. S. O.'s (merchant supply orders), garden projects, P. W. A. projects, blanks for unemployed teach-

ers, home economics bulletins, rural rehabilitation material, minutes of committee and staff meetings, and publicity material.

"Ghosts of aspirations; bodies of failures; and yards and yards and yards of red tape," sighed Miss Gray.

The telephone. "No, there is no more relief. All the county offices are closed. It is too bad that your son left the C. C. C. Perhaps he could get on W. P. A., since neither you nor his mother can work. . . . You say the nearest project is twelve miles away? . . . No, of course he can't walk as far as that, though many men do. I thought you were getting help through the rural rehabilitation. Not enough tillable land? I am sorry. I hope that you can find some way to help yourself."

The telephone. "Yes, good morning, Judge Hunting. . . . Yes, I did refer them to you. The unemployables will have to look to the county after this, you know, until the social security program is set up. After the county relief office turned over those lists and case records to you, our responsibility ended. . . . You have no funds whatsoever? Not even for the blind, the old, and the feeble minded? . . . You know, Judge, we carried those cases three years in our program, although they are not emergency but chronic cases, which are supposed to be taken care of locally, not out of federal emergency funds. . . . But what can we do? . . . Yes, do apply to the governor, or to Washington, if that is what other county judges are doing. . . . Yes, this is a terrible gap between the end of relief and the beginning of the social security program. Former relief cases who can work in one of the government programs which are still continued can get help, but the most helpless are now without any resource whatsoever. . . . Not really starving, Judge? Three cases last week, you say? It seems to me that now is the time to

look to that public welfare committee to face the situation. Up to now they never would take responsibility. If nothing is done, Dr. Brown says there will be riots, and houses and stores will be robbed Well, what can we do except to refer them to the county, even if it is bankrupt? . . . After this, then, I promise to warn applicants that they must expect little if anything from the county. You have my sympathy And we want to thank you for supplying space for storing our case records."

Miss Gray took from the files one of those interesting bulletins prepared by the Research Director of the State Office on chronic dependency cases and their care. "We are entering," she read, "upon the third year of federal aid. We will probably have 5,000,000 families on relief in the United States by mid-winter, the largest number in the history of any nation. . . about one-sixth of our population dependent upon public funds for their daily bread."

"The percentage is much, much higher than that in these mountains," mused Miss Gray. "One of our counties had over seventy-five per cent on relief a few months ago." This was due to the fact that there were no mines, no industries in the county, and for two successive years there had been crop failures due to drought; the bean beetle had done its worst; members of mountain families who had been employed in distant cities had lost their jobs and had returned to the home roof; erosion was sending tons of top soil into the rivers; and worst of all, the birth rate was mounting unreasonably, abnormally. In this particular state, unemployed miners, the handicapped, and farmers, so-called, constituted seventy-eight per cent of those on relief. Deflation of the mining industry, mechanization of the mines, and depletion of the soil were accountable for this condition, which should not have been allowed to grow so acute before anything was done. Time for the government to take cognizance of the fate of these its citizens was long overdue in these rural sections. Those who do not know this, do not know the depths of degradation and suffering to which poverty had reduced incredible numbers of these "first Americans."

The case records? With a sinking of the heart Miss Gray reflected on them. The forms were correct and complete enough, although the ama-

teur case workers were so often unable to fill them out properly. They had been learning, to be sure—those who could learn—but their case loads were so impossibly heavy, averaging one hundred and fifty in one huge county; and their time was broken into by so many other demands, such as distributing vouchers, work checks, and commodity orders, getting out endless statistical and other reports, that their energies were often dispersed beyond hope of reconcentration. Honest and interested as many of them were, how could they have done better? Even experienced case workers might well have been demoralized by such demands in an area of such typographical difficulties.

Miss Gray smiled as she glanced over one of her attempted bits of education for staff members, "Thumb Nail Sketches of Home Investigators," composite portraits verging on caricature:

Miss C. is a mild, gentle-spirited person. Life has been hard for her, and she has developed, unconsciously, an attitude of "taking it." She enters too sympathetically into the difficulties of her clients, with whom she too much identifies herself. She is often heard to say, "You are having a hard time. We'll do what we can." Her clients like her well enough, but their moral fibre is never strengthened by her visits. Her home-visit records show rather a confused state of mind, including as they do her own emotional reactions. If she would only develop a little more of the attitude of those who are "masters of their fate," she would do better work.

Miss K. has never quite faced up to life. She adroitly side-steps real issues, living in a world of her own imagination. She idealizes herself and depends upon careful dressing and a suave manner to make her interviews impressive. She is so preoccupied in her self-consciousness that other personalities do not get over to her. Without intending to do so, she high-hats her clients. It is not likely that her work will ever be anything but amateur.

Mr. D. is always on the run. The program seems to have had the unfortunate effect of speeding him up permanently. In the office he works feverishly, then trots out to his car and is off, leaves the car to dash up a hollow, and arrives rather breathless at the door of one of his people. Stepping in, he takes his stand before the fire and briefly tells his hearers what he thinks are their needs, while they try in vain to put in a word. "Well," he says, "I suppose things are about the same with you? I have six more homes to visit this morning. So long. See you next month." When the man of the family starts to speak, asking why something understood to have been promised a week ago had not been given, the home investigator says, "Didn't

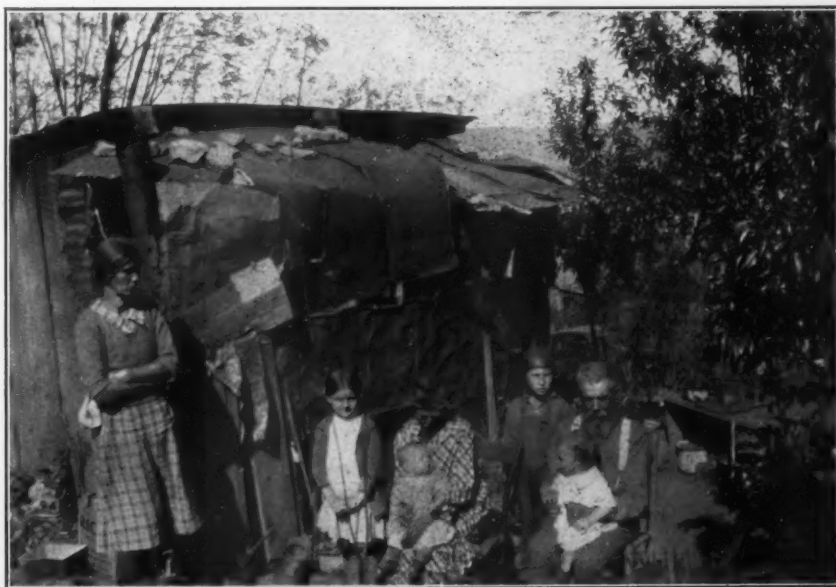
promise it. Anyway, haven't any more," seizes his hat and runs down the hollow.

Mrs. F. is a woman of unusual equipment. She has a home of her own in which relationships are exceptionally normal and happy. She is poised and serene, understanding people by a natural intuition. She is not easily deceived, nor ever really antagonized. Her attitude toward her "bad" clients is rather maternal. Knowing their weaknesses and peccadilloes, she does not condone them, but modifies her policy accordingly. For example, in talking with a querulous, discontented old woman, Mrs. F. says good humoredly, "Come, Aunt Lizzie, you are really not any worse off than the next one. It is too bad that the Government cannot give you a new cow and a new silk dress, but you know perfectly well things are not being given out that way. What would you do if you were like your widow neighbor, Mrs. W., with ten children? I am sure that you would rather take a little less in order that she may have a little more." To an angry, ineligible applicant, who is "taking it out" on her, Mrs. F. presents a quiet and dignified front. She says quietly, "You know we have to work under strict orders. I cannot give you what you want. Nor can the county nor the state office. This relief program is not a free for all. It is administered by very strict rules." When it is a question of making five well planned and well conducted home visits, or seven hurried ones, she chooses to make the five. She has a page in her note book on which she lists special problems over which she mulls during her long days on horseback. Mrs. F.'s own character is deepening and strengthening under the strain of her work and she is continually finding new resources both in herself and in the program she is serving.

Mr. G. is inclined to be easy on himself, as on the rest of the world — with exceptions. Over the week ends he is constantly allowing himself small indulgences to make up for the inevitable hardships of some of the days on the field. On his return to his home town, he argues that he is quite justified in giving himself a little fling. He balances this indulgence by being particularly severe on those of his clients who are likewise addicted to conviviality. Mr. G.'s paper work, however, is quite

above the average.

"Yes, by and large, they were learning," said Miss Gray. She looked at minutes of staff meetings: illuminating discussions on the technique of home visitation, on right attitudes toward applicants for relief, on family case work at large, even on social philosophies. Reports on professional reading were frequent, as were discussions on particularly knotty problems. Other educational efforts had included occasional two-day institutes held in the area under the expert leadership of representatives from the state office, and summer schools at the state university and colleges of similar standing in which especially prepared courses in family case work and community organization were given to some of the most promising members of the county staffs. "Yes," she nodded, "in spite of the usual misunderstanding of the general public, who felt that any ignorant person, any politician, anyone in need of a job, could handle relief, we did serve them better than they knew—by eliminating from the group such people as Miss M., who never could be trained to see relief other than as a reward for virtue or a punishment for deviation from the straight and narrow way. That unpleasant word 'deserving' was forever on her lips.



"THERE WAS A HUT MADE OF THE TIN OF STANDARD OIL CANS,"

How she and her friends berated the county relief officer who let her go! Their great refrain was, 'She needed the job!' And they never could be brought to see that the job did not need her.

"I wonder," Miss Gray asked herself, "if the public half appreciated the arduousness of the task of the home visitor?" There was little Miss Burling's territory, the entrance to which was twenty-five miles from the highway, reached only by an all-day horseback ride during which she had to cross the river six times. In the shallower fords there was no difficulty, but when the water was up, there were perilous places. No one would enjoy feeling the saddle sink below the surface as the horse, often nervous too, would strike out swimming. It was hard for Miss Burling to find a suitable place to stay overnight, yet she herself preferred this district since in it there were none of her own relatives on relief. To visit relatives was a situation always to be avoided. Mr. Sargent, too, had had a hard row to hoe in a section where some ineligible applicants took to their guns when persuasion failed to obtain a recommendation for relief. There were times when, returning alone at dusk, Mr. Sargent had to hide in the bushes at the noisy approach of a roistering man too obviously reenforced by both whiskey and gun. Yes, it took courage, both physical and moral, to be a home investigator in the mountains.

The public at large, in their criticism of the federal program, had only the vaguest notion of the sort of devastating poverty and helpless human degradation that became an every day fact in the lives of these field workers. A visitor's reaction the first day on the field was frequently that of bewilderment and almost horror: "Say," the newcomer would remark, "I didn't half believe in this federal program, but those folks surely do need help, and quickly, too."

II

The Relief Supervisor had time now to look back over the events of months so busy that they had shut out all perspective. She realized that although the county relief officers often felt that the community, especially in a Republican county, was critical if not really inimical, there had been a surprising amount of co-operation. In some counties local advisory committees functioned helpfully. County courts furnished materials for

very many work projects. They regularly paid rent for the offices and supplied telephone service and in some cases janitors. They found storage and drayage for commodities, and in many individual cases where funds were needed for services not covered in the federal program, the county court supplied the money. In crises, such as were occasioned by the sudden closing of mines after a long period of slack work, the county judge was a helpful liaison officer in getting coal companies, the state office, and the unions to make a joint plan to meet the situation.

The county health offices and relief associated closely in their joint endeavor to take care of health problems. The physician undertook to make the physical examinations of clients before they could be assigned to work centers. The home investigators constantly sent to tubercular and venereal clinics members of relief families who needed such care. The county nurses weighed school children to determine those who were underweight, and so eligible for the school lunches. Many physicians and dentists took care of relief clients at the minimum prices paid for relief cases, and subjected themselves to the onerous red tape that was always involved in such services. Hundreds of women for the first time in years of child-bearing had pre- and post-natal care, as well as a professional delivery. Through co-operation and the gifts of friends, tonsil and dental clinics were held in several counties. The number of neglected children who pressed in for these services—the chance of a lifetime—was appalling. Dentists, aided by nurses, worked at top speed for from ten to twelve hours, finishing, in the case of one dentist in a remote section, by lamp light! One county health doctor gave a series of talks to a staff of home investigators on health conditions in their county, a talk really dramatic in its revelation of hitherto undreamed-of facts concerning the prevalence of hookworm, other parasites, tuberculosis, and venereal diseases. It is true that local medical societies often questioned whether the medical relief program made the most of the funds at its disposal. Such groups had no voice at all in the set-up; they naturally felt they might have suggested ways of expenditure more permanently useful. Some also resented the very small fees allowed. Most physicians were doing a great amount of charity work; when they were asked to accept from the government

a fee of fifty cents for an office call, and proportionate remuneration for services in a field where one call might involve half a day or more on horseback or on foot, they thought they were not being treated as fairly as were the merchants who received full retail prices for goods sold on vouchers from relief families. Moreover, there was no medical provision for counties where there were no resident physicians, or none of professional standards, except perhaps the county health doctor, who was of course not available for individual private cases. There was no provision for hospitalization for surgery in the relief program.

The county agents were perhaps as closely knitted into the relief program as any outside group. They worked with home investigators in the administration of the gardening projects, distribution of seeds, instructions for planning, fencing, planting gardens, use of spray material, loaning of the sprays, and so on. People were taught to make storage places for potatoes and other root vegetables. Some home investigators reported with great satisfaction that they had seen more fences being built and more gardens planted and tended than ever before in their experience. As the garden produce began to come in, hundreds of families were taken off of relief lists. There followed of course the making of kraut, canning of vegetables, and so on. Merchants often helped by aiding those presenting vouchers to purchase food according to best advantage as indicated by prepared charts showing how to spend two dollars to feed a family of four for a week, or four dollars to feed a group of eight. Merchants also supplied storage room for commodities and assumed the very irksome task of distributing them, putting up with the unwieldy loafing crowds that attended these activities. Of course there were merchants who abused their opportunities, who even sold whiskey and tobacco for M. S. O. vouchers, who in various ways tried to exploit relief money, who in opposition to strict orders sold food on presentation of money orders issued explicitly for clothes. The whole matter of M. S. O.'s was difficult. Probably a better way would have been to issue money for budgetary needs and not paternalistically to specify how much a man could spend for each line of necessity. Sometimes merchants went so far against their own interests as to confide in a home investigator that a certain family had suc-

ceeded in deceiving her as to their resources, that they did not need the M. S. O.'s by which he was himself benefited. More often merchants were inclined to make requests for more relief for their communities.

Wherever possible community centers and missions co-operated in many ways, supplying rooms for women's training centers, getting larger outdoor projects into action, such as building school buildings, retaining walls, recreation grounds, rooms, planting trees, grading and improving grounds, and other constructive work of permanent value to communities. Oftentimes these workers assumed the position of unpaid foremen or forewomen, which was from many points of view ideal.

The American Friends Service Committee unexpectedly gave several bales of new and used clothing in excellent condition and many layettes. Would that the givers could have seen the final disposal of many of these gifts, as a home investigator would swing down from his horse in a remote hollow a day's journey from what we call civilization, to rejoice unspeakably some mountain mother with a bulky square bundle of such clothes for her new baby as she had never before seen or imagined.

Of course the relief field workers were an asset to attendance officers, who often reported children out of school, "plumb naked." Many schools continued open during winter months only because their children were enabled to attend by the shoes and clothes granted by relief. Also, the attendance officers persuaded some children to make the supreme effort to go to school by telling them of the hot lunches being served.

Co-operation, again, was necessary in this project of the home economics department, whose share in the whole program is worthy of special mention. In the preparation of the lunches, labor was volunteered or else paid for by P. T. A.'s or other local organizations. The rooms, the equipment, including adequate tables and seating facilities, were all supplied according to specifications of a high standard. The lunches, which cost from six to nine cents apiece, always included milk and plain food chosen to supplement the ordinary deficient diets of the children. As much variety as possible was provided. These were some of the specifications: Each lunch balanced and adequate; seventy-five per cent dark bread;

plenty of fruit, vegetables, eggs and milk; meat not more than twice a week; food served as attractively as possible. Prohibited foods included tea and coffee, highly seasoned meats, fried foods. Explicit instructions were given as to food preparation and cooking to preserve highest possible nutritive value.

That the school lunches were needed was obvious. For some, this was the one well-cooked, well-balanced daily meal. One county school superintendent reported for the largest school in his county, that during the first six months of the school year more than fifty students failed to bring any lunch at all, due either to neglect on the part of their parents or to lack of food at home. This same school reported that these children were dull and inefficient in class work. After the school lunches were instituted, there was a marked change; the children showed "a more pleasant disposition," and they went about their work "in a different manner." Children who had been lifeless and inert "showed a great difference in their school work in the afternoon." They were "easier to teach," they were happier, their complexions cleared up. One school reported that after a little over three months' serving of lunches, all the children showed an increase in weight, and one child gained nineteen pounds! Resistance to colds and other diseases increased. These school lunches were an unmitigated good. It was a pity that in every case those children who did not come from relief families and yet were undernourished could not have been included in the feeding; some P. T. A.'s and other agencies met this difficulty, however, by themselves supplying the extra food necessary for such cases.

Another successful project of the home economics department was the women's training centers. The only serious defect arose from the fact that the women assigned to these projects often had to walk unreasonable distances to reach the centers—one woman getting up at 3:30 A. M. in order to reach the work room by eight o'clock! The room always had to measure up to high standards in suitability, good lighting and sanitary conditions, and reasonable freedom from fire risks. The women, who were most eager to work instead of being given direct relief, had to undergo a thorough physical examination to ensure their being free from infectious diseases. Sewing machines were supplied by the workers them-

selves or by the community, as were chairs and tables. The forewoman, herself chosen from the relief rolls, worked in close co-operation with the area home economics supervisor. All of the material supplied, prints, muslin, denim, were of excellent grade and great variety, as were the patterns. The aim of the work was, not only to produce clothes, but to teach the women how to make them and to use good taste in their creation. Every effort was made to let the women use individual taste and judgment. Samples were sent to the state office to be put on exhibition and prizes were offered. The pleasant, though very busy, atmosphere of these centers was evidence that Uncle Sam could be, from the human point of view, a successful entrepreneur. In general these statements hold good for the overall factory and mattress factory in the same area. The products were admirable; while the mothers acquired many new skills as well as earned a wage which supported their families, small though it was. Scraps of material were all utilized in ingenious ways, in crocheted or other rugs, pot holders, toy animals for the children, etc., some of them charming in design and all beautifully made.

One branch of the home economics department was, it seemed, as nearly ideal as could be produced in so rapidly changing a program as a federal set-up. This was the work of the visiting housekeepers. Each home investigator had the responsibility of choosing from the relief rolls in her district two or three women who were outstanding as housekeepers in their own homes, with education above the average, or at least teachableness. They were chosen for their reliability as well and for their tact and judgment. After being instructed by the home economics supervisor in their duties, they were sent out to specified homes where there was the greatest need of help. No one who has not seen some of these sub-standard, isolated homes can imagine the depths of need and distress to which they can sink. Motherless homes with a small brood of children trying to take care of themselves, the oldest child perhaps, as one woman reported, "scarce big enough to pull the least one out of the fire"; homes with the mother sick or dying or feeble-minded. There was a hut made of the tin of Standard Oil cans and clay mud; there were shacks with holes in the walls, not even papered; yards full of refuse, undrained; homes lacking

even dishes, using tin cans and their lids; homes in which the human element had yielded up the struggle against disease and misery and hopeless poverty. Into such places, "thresholds dark with fears," came the visiting housekeepers with brooms and scrubbing brushes, with disinfectants and the makings of soap; with intelligence and strong arms and good cheer. They started word-of-mouth health campaigns, they stimulated discouraged home makers to enter contests to see which home could show the greatest improvement within a specified time. Their demonstrations were necessarily practical, since the visiting housekeepers had to use the materials found in these sub-standard homes. If there was no broom, or no mop, they made these utensils. Every bit of material, every bit of food was made the most of.

A list of their services recorded would include: making a garden, planting vines, setting out bushes, cleaning up rubbish in the yard, putting a house in order after burning garbage and debris, nailing strips on the kitchen wall to keep out flies, papering the walls (with newspapers), making a shuck mattress, mending and patching, renovating furniture, making dresses and sunbonnets, quilting, giving a canning demonstration, making soap, washing dishes, preparing special food for the sick and field lunches to be sent out to the men, bathing and dressing a newborn baby and caring for its mother, teaching how to avoid infection from a sick member of the household, and taking care of the children in many ways. There were unrecorded results, in better standards and renewed hope in many a mountain cabin; perhaps this was the best part of this program, a program which should not be needed in any community where so-called American standards of living prevail.

Like the fable of the man and the boy and the donkey, the relief program as a whole seemed to fail all the time to please everyone, and some of the time to please anyone. Of course, the politically minded were to a degree blind, and incapable of seeing anything clearly. Some of the "best people" because their own toes were stepped on in one way or another refused to see any least good in the program. Those whom the program was designed to help were too often justified in their sense of being abused, the lack of steadiness in administration creating a real grievance in their sense of insecurity. Furthermore they were, being human, often bitten by jealousy when a

neighbor really no more in need seemed to get more, nay, actually did get more. Their acquisitive instincts were undoubtedly over-stimulated. They were "spoiled," which from a social point of view is perhaps worse than being starved. In spite of great efforts at education as to what the government was trying to do and the necessity of working harder than ever at the task of self-help, whole sections were demoralized by direct relief. Now that this has been succeeded by programs of work relief, one of the greatest wrongs perpetrated by the program has ceased.

Complaint files were filled with letters, some perfectly justified, stating conditions which it should have been possible to remedy, but which for one reason or another could not be helped. Other letters contained angry threats. A handful of complaints were addressed to the President and forwarded back via the state office. Such outspokenness however is easier to bear than the implacable, inarticulate disapproval of some of the "best people." One choice letter deserves better than oblivion in a filing case:

Dear Miss Gray, I herd someone tole you I must be cut off relief becaus I got a job. Thank god I have not. You pleas send me a voucher today, or I write to the president at washington. Yours Truly
andrew Mcadam

With the splendid co-operation of the state office complaints were handled as courteously as possible, and then were used frequently as the directing guide in planning publicity material in order to remove misunderstandings.

III

As Miss Gray looked through the files, many other divisions of the government work came into the picture: the youth movement, which enabled hundreds of young people to earn their way in high school and in college or taught them many new skills in work centers; the C. C. C.'s, the success of which was dependent on leadership of so high a standard that it was not always attainable; the safety campaigns, excellent in their prevention of disaster and in educational value; the drought cattle feeding; rural rehabilitation and rural resettlement, both long-time and long-range programs; community surveys, and so on. "Of course we tried to do too much too quickly," she said, "but I begin to see it all more steadily and

see it whole. Granted that federal action was called for, and that the four years of any one administration were too short, by far, for adequate preparation and execution, we jumped too abruptly into all sorts of untried measures. Like Alice in Wonderland, we were soon running as hard as we could, just to keep where we were. How we chafed under the flood of executive orders, changeable, overlapping, bureaucratic, inapplicable to local situations, wasteful. But would a democratically managed program have been any more coherent? Probably not. Evidently we Americans of this day are not socially efficient, and have not yet learned how to become so. Look at the ants and the bees, if you want to see social efficiency. Denmark with its co-operatives has perhaps learned, but not America—yet. It would seem that such gaps and inefficiencies as troubled our program are common, if not inevitable, in bureaucratic administrations, which always are accompanied by immeasurable red tape. Is there at the center of the web a human spider ceaselessly spinning it out? The wife of an army officer, who was told of some of our difficulties smiled. 'It is always so in the army,' she said."

What did the relief supervisor conclude? Not that this cumbersome program was the best possible, but that, by and large, there were in it much high idealism and vision, worthy objectives, and occasional splendid practicability. Its failures were due chiefly, not to an inadequate plan, but to faulty execution. The country was not up to it. It was unable to produce a personnel capable of handling it; while a critical, too often poli-

tically minded public stood in the side lines vociferously discrediting every phase, every move. Some were too distant to know what results really were, others so near they could not "see the forest for the trees." One condition prevailed in this state which was all to the good. The state office was staffed by executives of such integrity and idealism as gave a stabilizing sense of security to workers in the program all over the state. And all who tried to do their fumbling bit may take to themselves the comfort, such as it is, that they were at least doing something in a situation which too long had cried to heaven for help. They may at least claim to be guiltless of that sin which Browning imputes to those who have not courage enough to make mistakes. They were not guilty of the "ungirt loin and the unlit lamp." It is well to recognize that there has been no lasting solution for the problems of such sections of the country as this paper presents. Children are still being born into unfit conditions; youths continue to come to the verge of young manhood and young womanhood to face only closed doors; men and women in their prime, who seek only a decent livelihood for themselves and their dependents, are denied even a chance. Hopeless poverty and devastating disease stalk arrogantly through these mountains taking a toll of unspeakable human misery. When a radical solution is again sought by the federal government—the only agency on earth which can undertake this task—may there be more who will push forward and fewer who pull back? In other words, even the Government needs good will to back it if its humanitarian efforts are to bear fruit.

WARREN H. WILSON

On March 2 Warren H. Wilson died. For more than forty years he had been a leader in rural church thought. From the memorial session of the Conference the tributes of his friends will be published in MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK for July.

RIVER OF EARTH

JAMES STILL

*The sea saw it and fled . . . The mountains skipped
like rams, and the little hills like lambs. Psalms.*

He drank the bright air into his throat
And lay his glance across the shattered thrust
Of hills: And he knew that of all men who slept,
Who waked suddenly, he least of all could name this thing
That held them here. He least could put the sound
Upon his tongue and build the spoken words
That all might know, might speak themselves, might write
In flowing script for those who come upon this place
'n curious search, knowing this thing for what it is.

But there are those who learn what is writ here
By convolutions of earth, by time, by winds,
The water's wearings and minute shapings of man.
They have struck pages with the large print of wisdom,
The thing laid open, the hills translated.
He least can know of this. He can but stand
A stranger on familiar slopes and drink the restless air,
Knowing that beneath this thing, beneath the probing eyes
A river of earth flows down the strident centuries.
Hills are but waves cast up to fall again, to rise
Still further down the years.

Men are held here
Within a mighty tide swept onward toward a final sea.

NED'S GROWING-UP

BLAND MORROW

A primary fact to be remembered about Ned is that, for nine years, he has already been about this "business of growing up." The first nine years of a life, who can measure what they mean in the making or marring of a personality? Studying the picture presented by Ned at age nine, one's suspicions are that it is marring that these years have meant for Ned. How else shall we describe those queer, unnatural tendencies which have come to be among his dominant characteristics? How else can we explain the way in which this unwholesome, distorted phase of Ned's personality has come about? But see for yourself what has gone into those nine years.

First of all, we should take note of the fact that there does not seem to be anything congenitally "queer" or inferior about Ned. It is obvious that he is not feeble-minded. Our doctor is of the definite opinion that his difficulties are not those of a constitutional psychopath. The indications are, in other words, that Ned's queerness must be related in some way to the environment in which he has lived his nine years. But let us be warned at the outset that the story of Ned's environment and Ned in it is sure to be complex. We must try to see not only environment in an external sense, but these externals as they have entered, in a very individual, personal way, into building the personality of this particular child. And when we have done what we can by way of trying to evaluate Ned's environment, we should recognize the fact that we probably will have even then only a part of the story. On the other hand, we can feel that we will have made at least a beginning toward understanding Ned when we have begun to understand the factors which have conditioned life for him during his nine years.

To understand Ned's environment, we shall need to go back some years, back to a time preceding Ned's birth. Ned's forebears for several generations lived in the mountains. To suggest what that fact has probably meant in the lives of Ned's forebears, let us say that poverty of opportunity, poverty in terms of medical and health services, poverty in the variety of available vocations, poverty in the variety of stimuli and

experiences—these kinds of poverty are from the beginning a characteristic feature of life as it was lived in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. Granted that, on the material level, living in those earlier days was doubtless not without genuine security and dignity and basic kinds of human satisfactions, we must remember nevertheless that life in the mountains, by reason of those other lacks, has long failed to meet, in a well-rounded way, the varied needs of human beings. Then as population has grown, paucity and misuse of resources have contrived to create a growing poverty involving the bare necessities of life. Back of Ned there are probably five or six generations of mountain forebears whose lives have been conditioned by one or another of these types of deprivation, five or six generations of folk who have felt the meagerness, the narrowness of life in one respect or another. By recent generations, the effects of a rapidly falling level of life, as to its material basis, and a rapidly rising tide of insecurity and general unsatisfactoriness in living have been keenly felt.

To go no farther back than Ned's own parents, one has only to know them to realize that they are the products of life on a meager, unsatisfying level. To study their personalities is to realize that they have felt the physical and spiritual blight of deep, spirit-breaking poverty. In any attempt to evaluate Ned's environment, it is essential that we should appreciate what poverty has meant in the lives of these parents, for they are themselves of paramount importance in the making or unmaking of Ned. Jim and Celia, Ned's mother and father, what are they like in more specific terms? Physically, they are frail, lacking in stamina and in resistance to disease. Most of Celia's strength has gone into childbearing. Jim has a bad heart, so bad that it dictates drastic limitations on all of Jim's activities. Spiritually, these two are profound fatalists. They expect the worst from life, they even get a sort of morbid satisfaction out of the worst when it comes.

But all this is not by way of blaming Jim and Celia. To a large extent they are what circum-

stances have made them—and one of the potent forces in the making has been a profound, persistent, many-sided poverty. Our picture would also be incomplete if we failed to mention the fact that Jim and Celia have their strengths as well as their weaknesses. When Jim's heart condition became apparent as something so serious that he could do no hard work, Celia added the full responsibility of family provider to burdens already heavy. To expect that she could tackle that job with zest and optimism, or that she could achieve any considerable degree of success therein would be to expect too much of her. But she must be given credit for the fact that she did not disown the responsibility and that for years she has gone on trying to make a living for her husband and children, gone on in spite of small success, in spite of the fact that time has brought more children and has, in other respects, added complications to her burden. Jim, too, persists in doing the little work that his heart will allow and endures the suffering and hardships of life with a sort of grim fortitude that is a heart-breaking kind of thing when seen against the picture of his broken health.

The fact is inescapable, however, that as parents Jim and Celia fall far short of being successes. They cannot offset the sense of helplessness and its consequent feelings of insecurity which are inherent in childhood. Jim and Celia, themselves the victims of apprehension and fear, lack confidence in their own ability to cope with life and supply the necessities of their family. Jim, haunted perhaps by the realization of his failure as a father and provider, has intervals of being inordinately depressed and remote, moods which the children can understand only as something strange, and therefore something to be feared. Celia, grown chronically nervous, short of temper, over-emotional, lacking in poise, varies her handling of the children from rank indulgence on one occasion to the sternest kind of disciplinary measures on another, with little regard for whether or not a child's behavior in given instances justifies such wide differences in her methods of handling it. For the children, the result of such inconsistency is that they are left in a chronic state of bewilderment as to what may be expected from her. But such are only some of the ways in which these parents fail to help their children find and integrate themselves,

some of the ways whereby they actually enhance for the children the uneasiness, the sense of helplessness involved in the mere fact of being children.

And now for some of the more tangible features of life as Ned has met with it. Hunger—you will have guessed already that that features in Ned's life. Probably those of us who have always been well-fed can never appreciate it for what it really is. Someone has described it as "a warping pain that lasts, and leaves a mark on bone and brain." However that may be, we have good reason for believing that Ned has suffered very real hunger. Recently, as a patient in our hospital, we saw him eat as if he could never be filled, saw him eyeing longingly the trays of other patients while he waited for his own to arrive, saw him gain weight at the rate of three pounds a week. In Ned's life it is not only that food is sometimes absent or of insufficient quantity, but the meals in Ned's home are often inadequate as to quality also. "White gravy," bread made of cornmeal and water, soggy biscuits, a little salt pork now and again, these are the foods which often form such meals as are to be had in Ned's home. But these fall far short of meeting the requirements of a child's digestive system or the nutritional needs of a growing body. Intestinal parasites are also a part of this problem of nutrition and a prominent feature of life as Ned lives it. (In the locality in which Ned lives something like ninety per cent of the population are hosts to one kind of worm or another, or to several kinds at once.) Ned's life has been an almost continuous process of acting as host to these parasites, feeding them the food needed by his own body and taking in return the excretions resulting from the worms' own bodily processes. Ned's life is punctuated by de-wormings—and that in itself is not a pleasant or constructive experience! His most recent treatment brought forth forty large ones of the round variety. But "worm-treat" Ned as we may, as we do, we can only reduce the burden for him, not free him for once and all. For Ned will be able to live independently of worms when, and only when, the whole creek on which he lives has handled the problems of soil and water pollution.

Privation and suffering touch practically every phase of Ned's life and that of his family. Clothing is even more meager than food and often a

garment belongs not to a particular child but to several, to be passed around according to the press of circumstances. As for other possessions, such as toys and all the miscellany of things that children love to accumulate, and which have meaning and value in their young lives—such possessions hardly exist in the lives of these children. There is no money for such "useless" things, no room, no time for them in a home where life is lived so precariously. Meals are irregular and casual at best—almost never do they achieve the status of jolly, companionable occasions of the kind that knit a family together and increase the richness of shared living. In addition to Jim's heart, he has a chronic case of asthma—a minor complaint in comparison to mitral stenosis, but his distress during these asthmatic attacks is not a nice thing to see. But apart from Jim's ailments, illness of one kind or another is a very usual state of affairs in this household. Last year two of the younger children had pneumonia. Several months ago Ned's older sister had what her mother called a "nerve breakdown," and what the doctor called chorea—a condition caused apparently by privation and overwork and an intolerable degree of emotional strain. Then there are Celia's periodic confinements. Childbearing superimposed on various hardships has badly exhausted her strength and the birth of her last baby left her seriously ill for weeks. And with every new illness, whatever small degree of orderliness and system that had hitherto entered into the family life is abandoned, while everyone, everything, is centered on the patient and his needs. But we might go on indefinitely with this story of the ways in which poverty enters into the life of young Ned. At home, at school, in the neighborhood life, wherever Ned turns he is faced by conditions imposed by poverty. Something of what the poverty element has really meant and is meaning in his life will be better understood if we turn now to Ned himself.

Until a few months ago it was not obvious that there was anything very seriously wrong with Ned. He often appeared anxious and puzzled; he was very shy and reserved; physically, he was frail and undersized. But in these respects he was not conspicuously different from the other children in his family, not remarkably different, for that matter, from numerous children of the neighborhood. Two or three months ago, how-

ever, the district nurse began to hear accounts to the effect that Ned was subject to sudden "collapses." He sometimes just "fell away from the table," his mother said, and became unable to speak or to walk. The nurse could find nothing that might explain this tendency to "folding up" and advised that Ned be taken to the doctor when another such attack occurred. As it happened, she was at her clinic in the neighborhood of the school when Ned had his next "collapse." The teacher and some of the older children brought him over, greatly distressed. He was quite limp and speechless. He was not unconscious, however, and the nurse could find no evidence that he was in actual pain. He was just limp and silent and his eyes followed the nurse about in dumb appeal. One examination after another failed to show an adequate physical basis for this "folding up" manifestation. He was undernourished; he was also due for another worm treatment; but as for nerves, muscles, vocal cords, various tests showed that these were all intact. Ned was just not making use of them.

Within a few days Ned had recovered from his "attack," though as he began to talk once more he did so in whispers and appeared bewildered and troubled to find that he could do so. He walked in the same hesitant, uneasy fashion. The doctor kept him in the hospital for some time, for observation and to build him up physically. Eventually Ned went back home though it was obvious that Ned did not want to go. He was several pounds heavier, his color was better, he seemed brighter and somewhat more carefree, and once more he was free of worms. But no assurance could be had that these curious symptoms would not return. They have returned, in fact—in attacks that are to date less extreme than before, but with an unmistakable resemblance to those that preceded his residence at the hospital.

It would be a grave mistake merely to say that Ned's "illness" is deliberate and therefore a matter for no concern. In the first place, it does not seem to be truly deliberate in the sense of its being a wholly conscious thing, rationally designed to attain certain ends. Loss of the use of his legs, loss of voice, these are not Ned's "illness," as we understand it—they merely reflect the fact that, as some point, life as Ned has met it has been all wrong, so wrong, so far short of what he

needs for growth, for sound personality development, for adequate satisfaction out of living, that he can, he does, he must become "ill." In other words, Ned's "illness" is Ned's adjustment to the conditions surrounding his life. It is obviously not a wholesome adjustment, not one that makes a constructive contribution to Ned's growth; but it is his adjustment, nevertheless, to life as he has found it and felt it, and an adjustment to be understood only in those terms. It does not mean that Ned is himself abnormal. It does mean that circumstances and his own sense of deprivation have driven him to resort to an abnormal type of behavior. This kind of behavior doubtless does serve for the time being to help Ned cope with life with less sense of strain and dissatisfaction, and therein lies the explanation of his having resorted to it. But it is an unwholesome thing in itself; and the more he relies upon this kind of behavior, the more firmly will it become fixed as a part of his life pattern.

To explore thoroughly that rather complex process whereby causes inherent in Ned's environment have resulted in the effects now being manifested as abnormal behavior on Ned's part would carry us on at great length. Summed up, the psychological aspects of the story of Ned's nine years of "growing up" seem to be that it is largely a story of lacks, of deprivation in terms of many of the features which are essential for sound mental-emotional growth. He needed the pleasurable feelings and the "drive" that come from sheer energy and a sense of physical well-being. Illness, hunger, cold, malnutrition and worms have contrived to give him instead repeated experiences of intense discomfort, have given him the opposite of a sense of well-being, have left him apathetic and with a minimum of energy. He needed experiences of success within the realm of his childish needs and activities—he has had instead numerous and varied experiences of failure. He needed affection, an understanding and patient interest in himself and his occupations, recognition of his strivings to do things and to become a person of importance, encouragement when he failed, encouragement to lead him on to progressively more difficult undertakings. He has had instead parents who themselves grew up under very limiting circumstances and who are so "used-up" by the endless hardships and complications of life that they have had left of them-

selves, of their capacity for understanding and encouraging, little or nothing that they could give to their children by way of helping them to develop as sound, well-balanced personalities. To offset the sense of insecurity that is the feeling-tone which naturally accompanies the helplessness of childhood, he needed a sense of safety. He has lived instead in an atmosphere laden with anxiety and unhappiness. He needed a relatively wide and ever-enlarging field of experience and stimulation. He has had instead a life marked by the terrible monotony and narrowness that is inevitable when life is so taken up by the business of just keeping body and soul together and keeping pain and discomfort at bay. Doubtless, in Ned's case, deprivations of this mental-emotional sort have been intensified by their interaction with deprivation on a more strictly physical level. A narrow, unsatisfying life in the mental-emotional sense can be endured with less loss to personality if one has at least a sturdy, healthy body as one's instrument for living. Lacking such an instrument, mental-emotional deprivation is the more keenly felt, the more strongly reacted to; and distorted, regressive types of behavior are the more likely to occur as a result.

What are the implications of a study such as this? In the first place, we cannot escape the fact that a constructive change in Ned's attitudes and behavior can be expected only as we succeed in removing, reducing or offsetting the causes which are proving to be the undoing of Ned, that involves a multitude of considerations, the defining of which would lead us far beyond the limits of our space.

But, there are, I think, implications in this story that go beyond the immediate needs of Ned himself. If we are right in our belief that the specific forces which have impinged so destructively on Ned are rooted in a dismal, pervasive kind of poverty, do not the following questions become pertinent? First, is the poverty to which Ned is being subjected of an unusual kind or degree for the region in which he lives? Those of us who live here know that the answer to that question is "no." It is not one family but hundreds whose lives are on such a narrow margin of economic security that a single serious misfortune is enough to send them over the brink; it is not one family but hundreds whose lives have already gone over the brink where security ends and acute insecurity

begins. The question that follows is whether Ned's reaction to the poverty-stricken conditions of his home and community is unique. In one sense it doubtless is, for a given set of circumstances would never impress two personalities in exactly the same way, nor would the two sets of reactions be identical. We doubt that Ned is unique, however, in his having suffered personality impairment by reason of forces deriving from poverty. For that matter, Ned is only one of a number of children whom we have had as patients whose behavior, considered in conjunction with the circumstances of their lives, suggests that poverty is playing a highly destructive role in their lives.

But if we are to get the full import of behavior such as Ned's, we should try to project Ned into the future, try to foresee the kind of adult we can expect him to become if the conditions of his life are not radically and constructively changed. For it is in adulthood that maladjustment tends to show itself in the more clear-cut forms; it is in adult behavior that we can see the more extreme and unfortunate consequences of maladjustment. To go from children whose home environments we know in detail and at first-hand to adults whose backgrounds we can know in only a general and indirect way is to make a long jump—so long that perhaps we should admit that we leave the realm of implication for that of sheer speculation. But if there is the relationship which we think we see between poverty and unwholesome personality development, perhaps a little speculation is not without warrant. In any case we, at least, are struck by the frequency with which we encounter adults who seem very much like grown-up editions of Ned. Admitting that there is much that we do not know of the backgrounds and developmental stories of these adults, we do know at least, with a fair amount of certainty, that their early lives were conditioned by poverty and hardship. With more certainty, we know that their present lives are lived under conditions of poverty and insecurity so extreme that the effects cannot but cut deeply into their lives. It is not impossible that the sequence of cause and effect in these lives is something like the sequence found in the story of Ned's development.

But see some of these adults for yourself. The chronic alcoholics—advanced, complex examples

of maladjustments though they are—are they not also illustrations of personalities so badly "grown up," so unwholesomely "adjusted" that they must run away from the responsibilities of adulthood, must find an escape from burdens of anxiety, frustration and fear that have proved intolerable? Or take a man like John Bowens, with his years and years of believing himself to be the victim of "kidney disease." Doctors, one after another, have examined him, and none has ever been able to discover the nature of his "kidney disease" or to find that there were any genuine symptoms of disease. But John Bowens continues to be unable to carry the work and responsibility entailed by his being the head of a family. His fear of the demands made by adult life, his fear of the failure which he would have to risk by an honest acceptance of responsibility, his uneasiness lest the meaning of his own behavior should break through into his conscious mind—these considerations or something like them have apparently forced him to find an escape in "illness." Then there is Nathan Bartlett, a man who for years managed to convince himself and his family that he had tuberculosis. Finally we got his chest X-rayed. The X-ray findings were negative, as were the results of the sputum tests also. Did he greet these findings with relief and satisfaction and begin to act like the comparatively well man that he is? He expressed relief all right; he doubtless thought that what he felt was a genuine sense of relief. But within a month he had developed a stomach complaint which is proving just as disabling as had the tuberculosis delusion! Will Hamilton is another man who has had repeated medical examinations. These have revealed no physical basis for his multitudinous complaints except a high degree of hookworm and other worm infestation—a condition for which he refuses treatment. Of course he does not feel like working—and he doesn't work except occasionally and in a way so feeble and inept that the results are negligible. His own explanation of his disability goes back to an old injury received when he was working in the mines, an injury which, according to his description, left him with hardly a whole bone in his body, to say nothing of a whole lung! Then there is Sarah Hardlow, a woman who decided years ago that her stomach was falling. Since then she has worn strapped to her a piece of wood hollowed out to fit her ab-

domen, by way of keeping her stomach in place.

But to go no farther with our list. The question is, are these persons merely lazy? Studying them, one sees various indications that such an explanation is not enough. In a variety of ways, they reveal themselves as apprehensive, insecure personalities, lacking in self-confidence, lacking in the courage, the maturity of mind and emotion needed for tackling life in terms of adult realities and responsibilities. Instead they have built up walls of defence between themselves and things as they really are. One of the indispensable bulwarks in this wall seems to be the conviction (probably an honest conviction in so far as their conscious thinking is concerned) that they are sick persons and must be cared for, rather than persons who might be expected to help care for others. The chances are that failure to develop, failure to grow in "right," constructive directions, started in childhood. With a wretched kind of poverty as one of the constants in these various

lives, perhaps the chances also are that these maladjustments are, like Ned's, related more or less directly to the poverty factor. That is to say, Ned's maladjustment pictures the beginnings, perhaps, and the maladjustments of these adults picture an advanced stage of a destructive process which originated in the harshness, the ugliness, the barrenness, the multitudinous inadequacies of life as it is met with in a region where the economic basis for human life is grossly unequal to the demands of its population.

This is not to deny or to discount the wholesome, constructive discipline which simple living and a degree of hardship seem at times to accomplish. But when one studies Ned, present and "future," one wonders if there is not a level at which poverty ceases to be simple living and wholesome hardship and becomes instead a dangerously destructive thing which threatens the very substance of human personality.

RURAL SOCIAL WORK

WILMA VAN DUSSELDORP

Herewith is presented an opportunity to think of the mountain work in relation to rural social work as a whole in the United States. We are indebted to the Russell Sage Foundation for generous permission to reprint this article from their recently-published Social Work Year Book.

—Editorial Note

Prior to 1932 there were few comprehensive programs of social work under professional leadership in rural areas. Organized social services had been developed chiefly in cities where the concentration of persons in need of assistance was an earlier imperative to social action. There had always been in rural areas, of course, a variety of informal social services rendered by churches, lodges, and other local societies, in addition to the public poor relief in almshouses or in small allowances to the aged or to indigent families; but professional social work, as understood today, was infrequent.

While no comprehensive study of rural social needs had been made there was ample evidence that in rural communities there were children needing care and protection—neglected, dependent, abused, delinquent, physically handicapped,

mentally defective—and families presenting a variety of social problems, such as delinquency, desertion, unemployment, underemployment, illiteracy, mental defects and abnormal behavior. There were also responsibilities arising from the care of the dependent aged, the homeless, and the transient. These problems concerned the welfare of rural people of every social status, either directly or indirectly, and existed to an extent which called for remedial and preventive measures.

A few privately supported state-wide agencies for child welfare—such as the New York State Charities Aid Association—had served for some years to increase awareness of the need for social work services in rural sections. Specialized public services to rural populations—chiefly in the field of child welfare—had been established in Alabama, Minnesota, and several other states during the first decades of the century. At no time, however, were funds available to meet more than a limited amount of the obvious needs facing these agencies.

The greatest predepression expansion of rural social work was achieved by the American National Red Cross during the World War. In 1919, at the peak of the Home Service development, direct service for 466,000 families was reported. Rural specialists were placed on the national staff to conduct rural institutes. This program has been continued but at present salaried secretaries are employed by very few chapters in counties with less than thirty thousand population.

Other social work activities in which rural areas shared to some extent in the predepression years included the services of juvenile courts and probation departments, mothers' aid and old age assistance, and state supervision of child placing. In the main, these services were uncorrelated and were seldom administered by trained social work personnel.

EFFECTS OF THE DEPRESSION

During 1929-1931, support of such social services as existed in rural areas was drastically curtailed. Staffs were decreased, salaries lowered, and relief reduced. But the fact that people in the country were increasingly compelled to apply for aid to meet their food needs finally focused governmental attention on the growing problem of rural distress and the necessity for adequate social services to relieve it. The first state and federal aid to rural life administrations was made available in late 1932 and carried with it the proviso that social service workers should be employed to administer the funds to families in need of help.

During 1933-1935 the Federal Emergency Relief Administration extended financial aid to the states on terms which made relief available to needy residents in all parts of the nation. Local relief units were established in over three thousand counties during this period. This resulted in the greatest single development of rural social work that the country had ever seen. In 1935 it was estimated that from one-third to one-half of the counties had at least one social worker with formal training or supervised experience or both, and that many counties had two or more. To a large extent these workers were drawn necessarily from city agencies. In addition, hundreds of college graduates—many of whom

had education for another profession and experience in it—were recruited from rural communities for employment in the rural relief programs.

The introduction during this same period of various federal measures for agricultural recovery served increasingly to identify the rural social worker with the economic aspects of rural social problems. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the Rural Rehabilitation Division of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and later the Resettlement Administration offered to relief organizations, deluged with problems of dependency due to unemployment and economic collapse, an opportunity to shift a part of their burden to other branches of government. But the workers in these relief agencies, in making this transition from relief to rehabilitation, frequently found the "recovery" programs difficult to understand and apply. There was need to help families decide whether or not to accept the rural rehabilitation program, become a part of a new rural industrial community, sell their sub-marginal land to the government, buy other land better suited for agriculture, move to other parts of the country, leave farming for another vocation, and so forth. After decisions were reached, families often found difficulty in making the adjustment to new ways of living without help, at intervals, in evaluating their capacities to meet the complex demands of the new experience. These situations demanded the greatest case work skill on the part of those undertaking to give advice and assistance. There were few social workers capable of rendering this skilled service in the rank and file of local agencies, however, especially as those with experience were constantly given rapid promotion to supervisory and administrative positions.

The expansion of rural social work from 1932 through 1935 (when federal grants for direct relief ceased) had, in spite of the dearth of professionally trained people and the pressure of hastily planned programs, brought a service to rural populations which was not to be withdrawn. The passage of the Social Security Act in 1935 and the consequent reorganization of public welfare services have made it inevitable that rural social services will develop, on a permanent basis, far beyond the status to which the pressure of the emergency years had forced them.

RECENT DEVELOPMENT IN PUBLIC RURAL SOCIAL WORK

1. Child welfare services. The Social Security Act provides (Title II, Part 3) for co-operation by the federal government with the states in "establishing, extending, and strengthening, especially in predominantly rural areas, public welfare services (hereinafter in the section referred to as 'child welfare services') for the protection and care of homeless, dependent, and neglected children, and children in danger of becoming delinquent." The United States Children's Bureau, charged with the administration of this section, has established centers of special service in a number of rural counties. By October 1, 1936, 308 such units had been set up in forty-one states. Reports from the areas where these demonstrations have made substantial progress indicate that their effect on the development of all rural social services will be far-reaching.

2. Other provision of the Social Security Act. Federal grants for old age assistance, aid to dependent children, and aid to the needy blind will be extended to rural populations since the Act provides that state plans, to be acceptable to the federal government, must guarantee statewide extension of benefits. Of the 3,000 counties in the country, 1,417 are distinctly rural, the largest centers in which have populations of 2,500 or less. By October 1, 1936, forty-one states were administering programs of assistance in co-operation with federal agencies administering the Social Security Act. Old age benefits and unemployment compensation will not extend to many rural residents as "agricultural labor" is excluded from the provisions of both of these sections of the Act. The sections of the Act which authorize extensions of federal assistance to programs of vocational rehabilitation and public health make no discriminations in regard to rural areas.

3. Drought relief. Recurring droughts in large sections of the Middle West and other agricultural areas have necessitated extensive federal aid to the rural inhabitants of these sections. Since 1935 assistance has been given chiefly in the form of employment on rural projects of the Works Progress Administration, particularly those directed to the control of soil erosion. Frequently it has been necessary for families to seek rehabilitation through loans or to apply for aid

in moving to more productive land.

4. Public welfare reorganization. The extensive reorganization of state welfare laws and services, occurring in practically all states as a result of the passage of the Social Security Act and the withdrawal of federal aid for direct relief, is resulting in the establishment on a permanent basis of county public welfare units on a wide front. That this will mean more adequate social services to rural populations needs no proof.

PRIVATE RURAL SOCIAL WORK

In addition to the public welfare, relief, and "security" developments noted above, there have been important rural developments in the fields of group work and health. Through field service and other means the programs of the large group work organizations are being systematically extended into rural areas. Conspicuous are the national Scouting organizations, youth service associations, and the National Recreation Association. The National Recreation Association maintains a variety of rural services offered mainly through the Extension Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. School centers and community centers are also being increased through the efforts of certain of these agencies and the action of state educational authorities.

Religious and educational agencies which have rural programs closely related to social work include the Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. The American Country Life Associations conducts an annual national conference, and serves as a national clearing house of information and the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers represents a strong influence for effective social service in its area.

QUALIFICATIONS AND TRAINING OF WORKERS IN RURAL AREAS

The social problems dealt with by rural agencies are essentially the same as those confronting the urban social worker, although practice differs markedly for a variety of reasons. Funds for

both relief and administration are usually more limited in rural areas. The total case load is greater per worker than in urban communities. The worker must be prepared to do, as an undifferentiated piece of work, many things which in the larger communities would be divided among a number of specialized agencies. Community pressures are felt more directly in rural areas and are likely to reflect the individualistic philosophy prevailing in these sections. There is less willingness on the part of the rural lay and official public to accept state and federal supervision and control. Due to the absence of much sound and professional social work in rural areas in the past, acceptance of the need for professional service has frequently developed slowly. While these factors have been important in governing the extent and quality of rural social work in the immediate past and constitute a challenge to the adaptability of the personnel in rural agencies, it is likely that they will diminish in importance as the newer service programs take root and trained workers having a genuine liking for social work practice in rural areas have an opportunity to work in such areas over a period of time. A few professional schools have offered courses in problems of rural social work practice and in rural county government, and in a few instances have provided supervised field work in rural counties. These facilities were enlarged in 1934 to meet the needs of students employed in rural emergency relief units; and several schools of social work now have plans to develop still further the opportunities for training workers serving the rural field.

The following professional qualifications have been suggested as desirable for a rural social case worker: (a) two years as a graduate student in an accredited school of social work offering courses in county government and rural social problems and practice, and (b) one or two years' experience under the supervision of an experienced social case worker. For administrative or supervisory positions a total of three years' experience is a minimum requirement and a longer period is much to be preferred.

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THE T FUST CLASS MULE

STUDENTS OF JOHN C. CAMPBELL FOLK SCHOOL

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JOSH TITE: Horse Swapper

RACHEL: His Daughter

LUCINDY: His Wife

SINGING BILL: Odd Character

IKE LOVINGOOD: Horse Swapper

LEVI LOVINGOOD: His Son

TIME: Spring

SETTING: Inside Tite cabin on Crab Tree.

SCENE I

RACHEL sweeping up the hearth.

RACHEL: Wal hit's been a powerful long time since Maw and Paw left fer thet funeral meetin'. Hit looks like they orter been back long 'fore now. (Sighs and sits down) Lordy! I'm tired'er'n if I'd done a day's washin'.

LEVI: (Slipping in behind and putting hat over RACHEL'S eyes) Howdy, Rachel!

RACHEL: (Jumping up, startled, facing him) Levi, they ain't no use scarin' abody like thet; hit's jist all oncalled for, Levi Lovingood!

LEVI: Thar now, Rachel, don't you go an' get all tore up. Ye looked so purty—er—I mean so peaceful-like settin' thar thet I kinda hated to disturb ye! (Both sit down).

RACHEL: Wal, hit shore feels good to be quiet and peaceful-like sometimes. Maw an' Paw was about to hitch up and fight afore they left fer the funeral meetin' this mornin'. They're allus a-fussin' 'bout first one thing an' then 'nother! (Sighs) I don't see why married folks is allus fussin'!

LEVI: Me nother! Now take my Maw and Paw fer instance; they fuss up one side and down tother, cause Paw's allus a-hoss tradin'. Hit does seem to me like tho' thet hit hain't no business of a woman's ef a man does want to trade a spell ever now 'n' then!

RACHEL: Thet hain't the way I'm thinkin', Levi. I say hit is a woman's business what a man wants to trade off! Why ef'n hit warn't fer the women a man'ud trade hisself out'n house 'n' home. Why take my Paw fer instance; ef'n hit warn't fer Maw he'd trade his last ole shirt off'n his back! (Sighs) Hope the man I marry won't

be havin' the swappin' fever!

LEVI: Wal, hit hain't sech good business any ways ye take hit, Rachel. Still I says a woman ought'n'allus nag at a man, that is, ef'n he gets the best o' the bargain, but seein' as how Paw's allus a-gettin' burnt, why I guess Maw does have 'er rights!

RACHEL: Ef'n the man I marry wants to trade a spell ever once 'n' a while tho', hit's all right as long as he leaves what's belongin' to me alone!

LEVI: Shore that 'ud be the fittin' thing to do, Rachel. But take Paw now, he's allus a-tradin' off Maw's good milk cows an' settin' hens agin her will! Now when I marry, I say hit'll be this way—I'll trade my belongings off ef'n I feel like hit, an' you can trade yourn off ef'n you feel like hit, Rachel!

RACHEL: Wal, Levi Lovingood, ye ain't insinuatn' I'm aimin' to marry ye, air ye?

LEVI: (Embarassed) Why—why, no, Rachel. Why I—I hadn't even ever thought of sech a thing!

RACHEL: (Gets up and starts sweeping with back to LEVI) O! Ye hadn't had ye?

LEVI: Oh, shucks! Listen now, Rachel. (walks over to her) ye oughten fer to fly off'n the handle at ever'thin' I say. I don't know how to talk to ye 'thout sortin' my words, 'ats the reason I don't talk to ye no more'n I do, cause I'm allus afeared ye'll git mad!

RACHEL: (Still mad) Wal, ye needn't trouble to sort yer words no more, Levi. Ye needn't ever speak "howdy" to me agin ef'n ye think I'm so all-fired easy to make mad!

LEVI: (Getting mad) Dad blame it all, Rachel, I know ye air mad an' I don't have to stand here an' take yer sass neither. No sir, I can be goin' on down an' ax Samanthy to go to Meetin' with me, I reckon!

RACHEL: (Turning around, speaking more calmly) Now, who be the one 'at's mad, Levi, you er me? Ye ain't no new hand at sassin', yer-self, air ye? (Smiles)

LEVI: Aw, I ain't mad, Rachel. Guess I did sorta lose my temper a time but I promise ye I won't no more, ef'n ye go to meetin' with me tomor'.

RACHEL: (Coming closer) Whar's the meetin'to be, Levi?

LEVI: Old preacher Hanks is gona open service in the Hangin' Dog School House. Will ye go with me, Rachel? I'd be right proud to have ye along!

RACHEL: Maybe. But air ye right shore ye hadn't ruther have Samantha than me?

LEVI: (Coming over closer) Now, Rachel Tite, ye know I'd ruther have ye as airy gal on Crab Tree.

(SINGING BILL is heard coming, singing "On Jordan's Stormy Banks.")

RACHEL: (Backing away from LEVI who is about to put his arms around her) I do believe I hear Singin' Bill acomin'!

LEVI: Dad gum, if hit ain't! I wished thet ole gray-whiskered devil 'ud stay to home. (SINGING BILL, who has just now entered singing, seats himself and continues to finish his song)

SINGING BILL: Howdy, young 'uns! Howdy!

LEVI and RACHEL: Howdy, Singin' Bill.

LEVI: (Sitting down) Wal, what's the news down yer way, Singin' Bill?

SINGING BILL: Wal, le's see! Jeff Howard an' Polly Short got hitched up by the ole preacher Hanks; 'en Sam Smith an' Possom Riley traded hosses las' Friday; an' Pap traded Calloway Jent out'n his ole Jersey bull; an' I reckon thet's 'bout all 'at's happened this moon! Whar's your Paw and Maw, Rachel?

RACHEL: They rid off to Abijah Martin's funeral meetin' afore daylight this mornin',—an' I can't see fer the life o' me what's akeepin' 'em. I callate tho', 'at Paw's stopped some'ers to trade a spell. Hit's more'n likely he's traded off the ole mare they rid fer an old hog rifle 'er somethin', and they're havin' to foot it home!

SINGING BILL: (Throws back head and laughs long and loud) Hay ho! Did ye hear thet good un on Josh and Widder Jones? (Laughs) Wal, I went up thar one evenin' to tell Widder Jones 'bout the oncomin' meetin', an' we talked fer a spell when directly in walked ole man Josh, and 'med-dee-itely they begun fer to talk on Widder Jones' wayward young'uns, an' she got to

tellin' "how pore lil' Buster had tuk to boot-leggin' and how Samuel was on the road to hell an' how they didn't help thar ole maw no more." An' she 'gin to cry an' I cast my eyes 'round to wink at Josh, and blast my hide if he wasn't sittin' thar cryin' like he's whupped. (Laughs) An' the more he'd cry, the louder ole Widder Jones 'ud preach an' cry, 'till I 'gin to think I's at a buryin'. Then atter the cryin' an' snuff'n was kindly over, Josh says sorta jerky like—"Hit's a sight how pore honest folks like us have to be knocked about an' stepped on tryin' to make a measly livin'. Widder Jones, jist how much would ye ask a body fer them two calves ye got out thar? I know they ain't sich good 'uns but I ain't got much money nohow." (Laughs again, slaps knee) An' I'll be dad-blamed ef'n she didn't up an' sell him them two calves fer might nigh nothin'. (LEVI and SINGING BILL laugh)

LEVI: I allus did know he was a slick 'un to handle any trade.

RACHEL: (Getting up mad) Levi Lovingood, hit's downright belittlin' on ye to call my Paw slick. He ain't half as slick as yer paw is, and 'sides, yer Paw's been knowed to bootleg—an' hit's a good right ye got to sit thar an' run Paw down—an ef'n ye can't take back what ye already said 'bout 'im ye best leave.

LEVI: (Getting up also) Wal, consarn it, Rachel, they ain't no use takin' up fer 'im. Ye know dad-blamed good an' well he'll beat ye ever time ye trade with him.

RACHEL: (Mad) I've told ye once an' fer all, Levi, Paw ain't half as bad as yer paw, an' you can go an' ax Samantha to go to meetin' with ye fer all I care.

LEVI: (Getting mad, grabs hat) All right, Rachel Tite, ye don't have to ax me twice to go, but I still say yer Paw's a slick duck an' ye can prove hit by any one on Crab Tree, can't ye, Singin' Bill?

SINGING BILL: I ain't a-speakin' my feelin's, Levi, but I heard your Paw an' Rachel's Paw was gona trade mules right soon now, so ye can see which has the slickest tongue. (Laughs)

LEVI: What? Paw's gona trade off ole 'Lasses 'n' Butter! Wal, this is one trade I won't stand to see! Josh Tite won't have a chanct to beat my Paw on ole 'Lasses 'n' Butter. No sir!

RACHEL: (Near to tears) Thet's what ye think, Levi Lovingood. Wal, ye won't be the

one to stop this trade cause I'm aimin' to, too. I won't see Paw get beat on ole July—besides, I've got a just claim on old July myself!

LEVI: I'll betcha my biggest bee-gum 'ginst yer latest gang o' chickens 'at I'll be the one 'at stops hit!

RACHEL: (Crying) I won't bet with ye, Levi. I hate—I—I hate a man who's allus a-bettin' and tradin' an' swappin'! I hate ye, Levi Lovingood. (Runs from room)

SINGING BILL: (Patting LEVI on shoulder) Looks like ye ain't wanted no more here, Levi. You trot along. She'll git over hit. (Winks at LEVI) An' be careful how ye ax Samanthy to go to thet meetin' with ye!

(LEVI goes out. SINGING BILL sits down chuckling to himself. Starts whittling and singing "On Jordan's Stormy Banks" then "Amazing Grace")

(Enter LUCINDY and JOSH)

JOSH: Howdy thar, Singin' Bill. (Takes seat)

SINGING BILL: Howdy, folks, I'se jist makin' myself to home.

LUCINDY: Hit's plum all right, Singin' Bill. (Pulls off her bonnet) How ye feelin'?

SINGING BILL: I'm feelin' fine, I reckon. How air ye, Lucindy?

(Enter RACHEL. Takes shoes to her mother and stands by her chair)

LUCINDY: Lawsy mercy, don't ax me how I am Singin' Bill, 'cause I never could get through tellin' ye all my ailin's. (Sits down) Right now I'm might 'nigh down in my jint's though. (Rubbing her knee) Shoo' Lordy!

JOSH: Yeah, thar ye go, Lucindy! I told ye how ye ought to have stayed here this mornin'.

SINGING BILL: How was the meetin'?

LUCINDY: Law, hit was the purtiest meetin' ye ever seed, Singin' Bill. They was 'round five preachers an' a lot of purty singers from down the river.

JOSH: But, Lucindy, didn't ye think ole preacher Hanks was the best of the whole lot? I did.

SINGING BILL: He's a mighty purty hand to preach.

LUCINDY: Lor' he had ever' soul in thet meetin' house a-cryin' afore hit was over! An' Old Sis Combs got up and shouted a spell!

RACHEL: Paw, will ye be goin' down to the store this evenin'?

JOSH: What fer do ye want to know thet, Rachel?

RACHEL: I—er—kinder wanted ye to get me a new dress.

JOSH: (Looks sternly at her) What's 'at ye say, Rachel Tite? Ye don't mean ye want another dress a'ready! I jist got ye a new dress 'bout three months ago and Lucindy knows I paid nigh to fifteen cents a yard fer it. You must think I'm John D. Astorbilt or Henry Vanderfeller. I jist can't stand no such spendin', Lucindy Tite.

LUCINDY: This ain't no pulpit, Josh Tite. Ef yer aimin' to preach, I'll try to make ye a 'pintment at the church tomor'!

JOSH: Well, ye know dad-blamed well, Lucindy, when a gal gets to courtin', it jist seems as like they hin't no end to spendin'. Why she even tackled me t'other day fer money to buy a permanent hair curl.

RACHEL: Paw, ye know good and well I desave somethin' now and then. Ye jist don't want to give me nothin', and ye know it.

JOSH: Now I don't want none o' yore sass, Rachel; I jist won't take a word of yore lip. When ole Josh Tite says hit's thet way, why then hit's thet way.

(RACHEL goes out very angry and slams the door behind her)

JOSH continues: By grab, ef'n I hadn't been purty good at makin' money, we'd jist about starved to death.

LUCINDY: Hit must o' been afore I knowed ye, Josh Tite. Ye hain't made no money as I know of since the preacher jined us together.

JOSH: Lucindy, ye know dad blasted well thet I've made nigh to twenty-five bucks in the past six months a-traffickin' and tradin'. Now jist take thet dog trade. I trafficked thet fox dog to Uncle Dalt Dockspur fer a rale good rifle gun. Ye ricollect old Touser, Singin' Bill?

SINGING BILL: I shore do, Josh.

JOSH: (As old memories of Touser come crowding back, warms up to his subject) Hit warms the cockles o' my heart to think o' the many times he led packs o' fox houn's over these ole ridges—old Touser allus in the lead, Lucindy. Hit was a powerful lot of satisfaction, an' the beatenist music ye'll hear this side o' Jordan.

LUCINDY: I hain't takin' no stock in yore fox huntin', Josh Tite.

JOSH: Wal, they ain't no use in gettin' yore dander up, Lucindy. (Lights pipe) As I was a-sayin', I traded ole Touser to Uncle Dalt Dockspur fer a rifle gun, an' I swappd the gun to Grandpap Weatherbee fer a hoss saddle an' a set of mule gears an' I sold all thet to young Jim Martin fer ten dollars and eight twists of good chawin' terbacker to boot.

LUCINDY: Wal, ye might have made a little money off an' on, but ye hain't made much, an' they ain't no use in argufyin' about hit no more, 'cause hit's so. An' 'sides, didn't ye say Polecat Ike Lovingood was comin' over to traffic with ye some?

JOSH: Yeah, an' hit's jes' about time fer him to show up. An' if ever a man was fated to get beat, why hit's ole Polecat Ike. I'll larn him whar 'bouts tradin' started from!

SINGING BILL: What air ye aimin' to traffic on, Josh?

JOSH: Wal, Singin' Bill, hit's been on my mind to sell ole July. He hin't hardly fittin' to plow no more. He allus was a stump sucker an' he's powerfully sway backed and weak in the hind parts an' he's gettin' so blamed pore, Singin' Bill, he has to walk twice in the same place to make a shadder. An' besides thet, I—er—thought ef'n I could git a good trade I jist might as well sell thet cow o' yourn, Lucindy!

LUCINDY: Josh Tite, ye had jist as well wipe thet off'n yer mind. I hain't in no mood to sell my heifer.

JOSH: Wal, she hain't a-payin' fer the pickin' she's eatin'. Ye hafta grease the bottom of a tea cup to tell whether she gives any milk or not.

LUCINDY: Wal, never the same, ye heard what I said. Ye heard what I said, Josh Tite.

(Their argument is interrupted by a loud knocking at the door)

JOSH: Come in. (Door opens and POLECAT IKE LOVINGOOD enters. Josh continues.) Wal, ef'n hit ain't ole Polecat Ike. I was tellin' Lucindy ye was due to be here. Pull ye up a chair and set down.

POLECAT IKE: (limping over to chair and seating himself) I jist in a manner liked to a not got here, Josh. The rheumatiz has jist about got me down. I slept all last night with a hot-ash poultice on my knee. 'Pears like my jints air

jist about comin' apart. Reckon you'ns all is well?

JOSH: Well, jist tolerable, Ike. I've jist been so near under the weather thet I hain't planted a grain o' corn. How about yoreself, Ike? (LUCINDY goes out)

IKE: I hain't planted much, Josh. I'se jist awaitin' fer the signs to git right. Hit'll be the best time o' the year to plant corn next week when the sign'll be in the bowels. An' Josh, ye jist orter see my tater patch. They've jist begin to come up and they hain't no doubt they're the purtiest in the Appalashuns. Hit was shore mighty lucky thet I got 'em planted while it was dark nights. How's yores, Josh?

JOSH: They hain't wuth a happy damn, Ike. I was in sich a rush I couldn't git to 'em till long after the new o' the moon. I was jist about not to plant 'em, Ike, but Lucindy said as how they might make a few little knots to grabble. They jist hain't no use to plant things agin' the signs, Ike. When things is meant thet way, why then things is meant thet way and they hain't no use in goin' agin' 'em.

IKE: It's jist downright hillacious foolishness to go agin' 'em, Josh.

JOSH: Thet's jist the way I look at it, Ike.

SINGING BILL: I've lived nigh on sixty years an' I've never saw it fail to make taters when they was planted in the dark o' the moon. (During the following discussion SINGING BILL takes off his shoe and sock and pares off his corns with a big knife, and applies after several trials, the contents of one of the bottles on the shelf. During this action, however, he pays careful attention to the trading which is going on)

IKE: Wal now, Josh, about thet fust class mule I come to traffic on. We jist as well to get down to bus'ness. Jist what do ye want fer ole July on the hoof right now, lock, stock, and barrel?

JOSH: Wal, I'm gona jes' leave thet up to you. How do ye want to swap?

IKE: Wal, say I swap ye ole Lassies 'n' Butter fer ole July, an' seein' as how I'se the fust to mention the trade, I'll throw in my new-bought saddle to boot.

JOSH: Me swap you ole July fer Lassies 'n' Butter? Why ole July's wuth twice yore ole

hoss. No sir! I ain't a-cravin' to trade 'er thet bad.

IKE: Wal, seein' as how ye feel thet way 'bout hit. (Scratches head) Le's see! (Slaps knee) I got hit. You know thet old roan cow o' mine. Wal, I'll give yer the old cow to boot. How's 'at?

JOSH: Wal, now mind ye, I still ain't in no mind fer the trade, but jist how much milk does ole Roan give?

IKE: She gives a six-pint bucket full to the rim, twice a day, an' ef'n she's fed good, I'll lay she'll give hit four times full! Hit's good an' rich too.

JOSH: How much does yer ole Jersey give?

IKE: 'Bout two gallons a day.

JOSH: I'll tell ye what, Ike, I'll trade ye ole July saddled fer ole Lassies 'n' Butter 'longside the Jersey. How's 'at?

IKE: Huh? Ye be wantin' me to throw in my Jersey 'longside Lassies 'n' Butter! Why, my ole Jersey alone is worth as much as ole July saddled and bridled! Hit jes' wouldn't be a fair trade, Josh!

JOSH: Right thar's whar yer mistaken, Ike. I tell ye once an' fer allus, they jist ain't no better piece of mule flesh 'n ole July, an' I ain't right sartain whether I want to trade 'er atall.

IKE: Wal, now Josh, le's jes' step down an' take a look at ole July an' maybe I'll figger on the trade as hit stands!

JOSH: I'll jist trot down an' hitch 'er, Ike, an' bring 'er up to the house, you jes' keep yore seat. Hit ain't no fun to be gallivantin' aroun' with 'at dad-blamed rheumatiz.

IKE: I jist might as well mosey along with ye, Josh, seein' as how hit's almighty important. I jist reckon the rheumatiz won't amount to a whoop!

JOSH: No, no, ye jist set around, Ike. I'll have 'er here in a surprisin' short spell!

IKE: (gives in) Wal, have hit yore way.

SINGING BILL: That's a mighty fine piece of horse-flesh ye're tradin' fer. But I'd advise ye both to watch yer step.

(Enter LUCINDY)

LUCINDY: Wal, hit's nigh time to wash up fer dinner, Ike—you an' Singin' Bill. Hit'll be on the table in no time!

IKE: I ain't got a whole lot o' time, Lucindy.

I'll have to be movin' along back home quick as Josh brings 'at mule!

LUCINDY: Lord o' mercy, Ike, ye know ye ain't goin' to do without dinner till he catches thet consarned mule? Ye jist might as well stay for supper, fer hit'll take a whole furrin' army to hitch thet mule. He's the all-firedest mean nag Josh ever owned.

(SINGING BILL puts hand over his face and grins)

IKE: Is he hard to ketch, Lucindy?

LUCINDY: Thet ain't no fittin' word fer it.

IKE: (Rising, in angry tone) Wal, I've jist got to be goin'. Tell Josh I'll see 'im in a day or two. (He goes out; slams door)

LUCINDY: Seems as like he acted mighty quare like, didn't he, Singin' Bill?

SINGING BILL: (Grinning) 'Pears like he did, Lucindy.

LUCINDY: Seems as like he wanted to git purty sassy. Hit shore is mighty strange how some people can act.

(Door opens and JOSH comes in all out of breath. He stops and looks around when he discovers IKE is gone. Looks at LUCINDY)

JOSH: Jes' what has become o' Ike, Lucindy?

LUCINDY: I jes' hain't nary a bit o' idee what ailed 'im, Josh. I come in from the kitchen to ast 'im to get ready fer dinner an' he says he'd git on back over home fer dinner an' says as how he was jes' waitin' fer you to ketch the mule an' bring 'er up. So I says, "Ike, ye jes' better stay fer supper ef'n ye're goin' to stay till he ketches that blamed mule." An' 'pon my word, Josh, thet danged ole groun' hog jes' jumps right up and gives me some sassy words an' out'n the door he goes.

JOSH: (Very angry) Lucindy Tite, hit's jist in my head and heart right now to give ye a good thrashin'. Every blasted time I get in a persition to make some money, ye have to go and spile everything with thet infernal talkin' mechine o' yourn. I says hit's jist plum weary-some and disgustapatin' to try to make money if ye know about it. Hit's jes' thet, Lucindy Tite, thet's what it is.

LUCINDY: (Becoming angry also) Josh Tite, I think ye've jist about said enough fer one day. Jes' dry up right immedjitely. I had no opinion whatsoever that what I said to 'im would bust

up the trade. I jes' didn't have no idee it would, Josh Tite, and thet's thet.

JOSH: Well, hit hain't no confounded use to make excuses. Now take me, I never speak without fust thinkin' twice. If ye'd do thet ye wouldn't always be a downfall to me.

LUCINDY: (Talking in loud angry voice.) I'm a downfall to ye, am I? (Starts toward broom sitting in corner) Ye blamed wuthless critter! An' ye've got it in yer mind to thrash me, have ye? Ye said it, didn't ye, Josh Tite? (SINGING BILL is enjoying this quarrel very much)

JOSH: (Becoming scared, softening down) Wal—er—uh—hit's jes' like this—

LUCINDY: Don't ye go to makin' excuses, Josh Tite! Ye said hit, and I've a mind to frail ye right now. (Starts toward him with broom. All at once she turns, puts up the broom) Lord a-mercy, thet bread is burnin' up. (She rushes into the kitchen)

JOSH: (much relieved) Whew! . . . Rachel, O Rachel! (RACHEL answers "Huh," from the kitchen) Come here. I jist want to give ye a piece o' my mind.

(RACHEL enters)

RACHEL: What do ye want, Paw?

JOSH: I jist wanted to tell ye yore courtin' days with Levi Lovingood is over. Now mind ye what I says. Thet ole dad o' his'n ain't wuth a copper cent an' I hain't goin' to have ye rip-snortin' around with thet blamed boy o' his, nother.

RACHEL: Wal, Paw, ye know good an' well he can't help what his Paw does.

JOSH: Wal, jist the same, he's a chip off'n the old block.

RACHEL: Paw, yer jist hard hearted 'n' mean—thet's what ye air! (Crying)

LUCINDY: (Entering from kitchen) You'ns come on to dinner. The vittles is gettin' plum cold. (JOSH goes out) 'N' Rachel, hush yer snubbin'. Ye know yer Paw hain't nothin' but a bag o' wind. I larned long time ago not to pay no heed to his biggety talkin'.

JOSH: (Yelling from kitchen) What's 'at yer sayin', Lucindy?

LUCINDY: (Going out) I's jes' sayin' ye shouldn't take yore spite out on Rachel.

RACHEL: Hit 'pears like some men jist git plum onreasonable sometimes, Singin' Bill. They jist git plum hateful, Singin' Bill. (She starts cry-

ing and covers her face with her hands. SINGING BILL goes over and pats her on the head.)

SINGING BILL: Thar, thar now honey. Ye'll tear up yer purty face doin' thet. Jes' leave things to ole Singin' Bill. He hain't lived nigh on to sixty years for nothin'. Jes' hush up yer cryin' an' leave things to ole Singin' Bill. (Rachel raises her head and wipes her eyes with a handkerchief)

RACHEL: Ye mean ye'll help me, Singin' Bill?

SINGING BILL: I mean jes' thet, Honey. I hain't one to meddle on a man's business but hit's right now in my mind how I'll work it. I hain't lived nigh onto sixty years fer nothin'. (Starts toward kitchen. Turns to RACHEL) I callate ye'll be goin' to preachin' tomor', Rachel?

RACHEL: I don't guess as how I will, Singin' Bill (Turns back to SINGING BILL and cries)

SINGING BILL: (Looks at her pityingly) Now Honey, jes' because yer a-grievin' hain't no reason why you shouldn't orter go an' hear God's word. Ye jes' get all prettied up tomor' an' come along. Ole Singin' Bill'll be thar. Jes' pay heed to ole Singin' Bill.

SCENE II

(As curtain rises, JOSH TITE and his wife are sitting by the fire. Josh is looking at an old almanac, the pages of which are soiled and yellowed with time. LUCINDY is reading the Bible)

LUCINDY: What air ye studyin' on, Josh? Hit looks to me like ye're plum lost to the world.

JOSH: I was jist a-readin' here about this medicine what is good fer jist about every ailment in the whole world and the Applashun Mountains, too.

LUCINDY: What does it say, Josh? Read hit to me.

JOSH: Wal, listen now, Lucindy. Hit says if you take hit internally hit will cure "Diarrhear, Dysentery, (that's the bloody flux, Lucindy), Summer Complaint, Cholery, Cholery Morbus, Cholery Infantum, Colic, Cramps and pains in the stomach; breaks up colds, Febrile and Inflammatory Attacks, Rheumatism, and Neuralgy: Hit says that and a whole lot more. An' than down below hit says, "Taken externally"—that is, taken on the outside, Lucindy—"hit cures sprains and bruises, frost-bites, chilblains, Rheumatic Affections, Neuralgy, Pain in the Back,

Soreness and Stiffness of Joints, Stings and Bites of Poisonous Insects, Caked Breast, or Ague in Breast, and Enlarged Glands—in short, is an unexcelled liniment for man and beast.” Now hit says all thet, Lucindy, an’ hit says to jist rub hit on an’ hit’ll do the work, an’ if hit don’t do the work, ye can take hit back to the store an’ get yer money back. Thet’s what hit says, Lucindy.

LUCINDY: Lord o’ mercy, I wish I had some of hit. I feel worse all over than I do in one certain spot. Ef’n everybody had money to buy a treatment like thet, they wouldn’t be any more ailments or sufferin’ in the world.

JOSH: (Closing almanac and placing it on the fireboard) Wal, they hain’t no use in talkin’ ’bout ailments no more. The more ye talk about ’em the worse they seems to git. ’Sides, I hain’t seed Rachel in a coon’s age. Do ye know what she’s at, Lucindy?

LUCINDY: She’s gone down to the meetin’ ole Preacher Hanks is holdin’ at the Hanging Dog Church. I hain’t seen ’er heard tell ’n’ ’er since, and Lord bless me, hit’s jist about time she was gittin’ home. Thought ye knowed, Josh thet was the reason fer thet new-dress fever.

JOSH: No, but I orter knowed they was a big meetin’ sommers. (Laughs) I’ll bet she won’t be a-courtin’ thet no-account Levi Lovingood since I give her thet all-fired talkin’, ’cause she knows when ole Josh Tite says nay then hit’s nay.

LUCINDY: Wal, she might an’ she mightn’t; hit ain’t fer me to say. (Gets up and puts away Bible)

JOSH: Lucindy, hit ’pears like I heard the gate slam; see who ’tis a-comin’. I allus like to get sot fer company.

LUCINDY: (Looking out of the door) I’m bound hit’s Polecat Ike Lovingood!

JOSH: Fer the love o’ Mike, wonder what he’s got up his sleeve? (Settling down)

LUCINDY: Yo ought to know, Josh Tite, he’s a-comin’ back to talk trade with ye. When thet ole polecat sets his head to trade, he ’ud trade or bust!

JOSH: (Getting his whittling out) Wal now listen, Lucindy, ef’n he’s a-comin’ to talk trade with me, I want ye to be shore ye stay out in the kitchen. Hit’s been proved time an’ agin ’at a man can’t trade whilst a woman’s around.

LUCINDY: Wal, I’ll do jist thet, Josh Tite, but ye be shore an’ sartain ’at ye don’t name my heifer in the trade. I dare ye to even think on hit.

IKE: (outside) Howdy.

JOSH: I won’t, Lucindy. (Calling) Come in! (IKE enters) Howdy, Polecat Ike!

IKE: Howdy, Josh, howdy, Lucindy.

LUCINDY: Howdy, Ike. Pull ye up a cheer and set down. Did ye get home in time yesterday?

IKE: (Puzzled) Time fer what, Lucindy?

LUCINDY: Hit’s beyond me, Ike. Ye took sech a sudden notion to be gone yesterday. I thought as how they must be a reason fer hit! (Goes out chuckling)

IKE: I didn’t know whe’r to come over or not, Josh. I ’lowed as how ye might o’ went to meetin’ an’ wouldn’t be home.

JOSH: Wal, ye jist ’lowed wrong, Ike. I hain’t ben to church in nigh to six months. I hain’t no Christian, an’ I says ef’n ye hain’t no Christian, ye hain’t got no callin’ in the church. Thar be some thet think ef’n ye go to church thet makes ye a Christian, but I says thet makes ye no more of a Christian than puttin’ a tom-cat in the stove makes ’im corn bread. Thet’s what I says.

IKE: Ye’re jist about correck on thet, Josh. Not a-changin’ the subject a-tall, but jist a few words about thet trade, Josh. When Ike Lovin-good sets his head to trade, why then he trades, an’ I’ve come to talk turkey to ye, Josh.

JOSH: Wal, hit’s jist like I said to ye afore-hand, Ike. My mind’s already made up. Hit’s jist thet way, or they’ll be no tradin’.

IKE: An’ I’ve jist about decided to take ye up, Josh. But before we come to a final settle-mint, I’d jist like to see ye ketch ole July an’ gear ’er up for me!

JOSH: Wal, if nothin’ else will do ye, Ike, we’ll step down to the barn, and ye can see fer yerself. But hit’s jist like I tole ye before, thar hain’t no better piece o’ mule flesh ’n ole July, an’ I hain’t right sure I want to trade her a-tall. (Exit JOSH and IKE)

LUCINDY: (Coming in) Wal, I wonder what they be up to now. (Looks out of window) Huh! Guess Ike wants to see fer hisself if’n I lied ’bout ole July bein’ hard to ketch. Wal, I say hit’s a good thing Josh’s got ’er up in the

barn, but never the same, she'll be the devil to saddle up, ef'n Josh don't sneak 'er a lump er two o' sugar.

SINGING BILL (Coming in) Howdy thar, Lucindy.

LUCINDY: Wal now, howdy, Singin' Bill. Whar'd you drap from?

SINGING BILL: I jes' come from meetin', Lucindy, an' thought as how I'd jes' step by.

LUCINDY: What sort of a meetin' was hit?

SINGING BILL: Wal, I'll be bound, Lucindy, ef'n hit warn't the God-wonderfullest sarmon ther's ben preached in these parts in many a year.

LUCINDY: (Eagerly) What was hit all about, Singin' Bill?

SINGING BILL: Hit was jes' cleanin' up on Satan in general, Lucindy. (Pause) An' I ricollect as how he preached on the rights o' women folks. I tuck great stock in thet part o' the sermon, fer I've allus had a jes' feelin' fer the women, Lucindy.

LUCINDY: Ye shore have, Singin' Bill, an' I know that fer a sartain fact!

SINGING BILL: Yeah, now Lucindy, ye take this place right around here. They ain't one man out'n ten thet pays the women a bit o' mind. Hit jes' ain't right, is hit, Lucindy? I says a woman has a good right to her say—jes' as much as a man!

LUCINDY: Hit's ever word the God's truth, Singin' Bill!

SINGING BILL: Why, I heard this mornin' about a man who up an' swapped off his wife's good Jersey cow for an ole sway-backed Jersey what warn't wuth a chew o' tobaccer! An' her all the time a-beggin' an' a-pleadin' fer 'im not to! An' the only reason he did hit fer was so's he could use the ole sway-back in beatin' someone else on a trade!

LUCINDY: Law me, is hit the fact, Singin' Bill? Wal, hit's no wondermint the women folks gits ready fer the grave so soon! Why, I wouldn't let Josh make a trade with no sich a man. No sir! Hit's plum unthoughted of men, an' ef'n us women folks had our druthers we'd put a stop to hit!

SINGING BILL: Thet's fer sure, Lucindy. I jes' know ye wouldn't want Josh to be tradin' with no such a man. And Lucindy, I hain't in-sinnatin' a-tall, but accord'n to my mind ye better keep a' eye on Josh. Hit hain't no tellin' when he 'll run into a man like thet.

LUCINDY: Never ye mind, Singin' Bill. I hain't the sort to fall asleep an' jist let things go thar own way. No sree!

SINGING BILL: Shore ye ain't, Lucindy, an' I hope ye keep thet attimtude. Whar's Josh at now, Lucindy?

LUCINDY: Him an' Ike Lovingood is down t'barn lookin' over ole July.

SINGING BILL: Huh? Wal, I hopes as how they ain't a-tradin' on Sunday, Lucindy?

LUCINDY: Law now, Singin' Bill, ye can't prove nothin' by me, but I shore wouldn't put hit a-past 'em. Did ye see Rachel down the road anywhars? She orter be here by now!

SINGING BILL: Yeah, I seed 'er, Lucindy, an' I never seed 'er lookin' so worried down afore. She jes' looked plum pitiful! Between me an' ye, I think she's worryin' 'cause 'er paw's so sot agin 'er a-goin' with Levi. Hit's a pure pity, I calls hit!

LUCINDY: Yeah, I allus have said Josh's too hard on her. He's allus a-talkin' agin ever' boy she takes a notion to. Course I ain't so took up with Ike, myself, but I'm like Rachel—I reckon a boy can't help what sort of a paw he's got!

SINGING BILL: Uh huh, an' Levi is a right good looker an' a plum smart worker, too. I say the'd shore make a handsome pair, eh, Lucindy?

LUCINDY: They shore would make a right purty match.

(Enter the two traders)

JOSH: Howdy, Singin' Bill, howdy. How air ye?

SINGING BILL: Jes' tolerable, Josh, How'er ye, Ike?

IKE: Jist fine, Singin' Bill, jist fine!

(The two men pay little attention to SINGING BILL, but pass by and continue their conversation.)

IKE: Wal, considerin' as how hit's you then, Josh, why I guess we can call hit a trade. Ole July saddled and bridled fer ole Lassies 'n Butter, 'longside the Jersey, huh?

JOSH: Uh huh! Seein' ye've made yer mind thet way, Ike, why I reckon hit's a trade! (He is interrupted by SINGING BILL)

SINGING BILL: Ye know ye hain't a-tradin' on Sunday, Josh.

JOSH: No, no, Singin' Bill, we was jist sorter gittin' straightened out today. We aims to give over the goods tomor'.

SINGING BILL: Wal, as I was jes' a-sayin' to Lucindy, hit don't benefit no man to trade on Sunday, an' if ye'd heard thet sarmon this mornin' ye 'ud have yer minds on the hereatter instead o' a hoss trade!

LUCINDY: Yeah, he was jes' a-tellin' me how they was a-preachin' on the rights of women.

SINGING BILL: Yeah, thet I was fer shore, Lucindy. Now hit ain't ever' man thet gives his women jistice as I see hit. Take yerself, Ike, I hain't a-wantin' to make ye mad, Ike, but hit was downright shameful the way ye sold off yer wife's good Jersey cow yesterday fer thet ole sway-backed Jersey thet wouldn't give 'nough milk to feed a sick kitten!

LUCINDY: Lord help us, was he the one ye was a-tryin' to tell me about, Singin' Bill?

IKE: Why, who said I made any sech a trade, Singin' Bill?

SINGING BILL: They ain't no use a-stutterin' 'bout hit, Ike, ye know ye done hit an' Lindy Lou a-beggin' ye not to all the time, but ye didn't pay no heed to her words whatsoever!

JOSH: Ye don't mean to say, Singin' Bill, he traded off thet good Jersey cow o' his'n he's aimin' to trade me?

SINGING BILL: I means zackly what I says, Josh. He done jes' thet.

IKE: Listen, Josh, I did hit jes' so's the trade 'ud be even'er, Josh Tite. I ain't as big a fool as ye think, Josh. I warn't figgerin' on lettin' ye beat me so all-fired bad, Josh!

JOSH: (Very angry) Don't Josh me, Ike Lovingood. Ye're in fer a spell o' trouble right now. I see mighty plain what ye was aimin' to pull over me.

IKE: Josh, I hain't a-wantin' to have no trouble with ye. I'm agin it, Josh, seein' as how I'm in yer own house.

JOSH: Thet don't make a blame bit o' difference, Ike Lovingood. I'm a-goin' to change thet ugly mug o' yourn. Lindy Lou won't know ye tonight when ye go in. By cripes, they hain't no man as can do me no sich a way. I won't take it nother.

(Pulls off coat)

IKE: Wal, even ef'n we air in yer own house, Josh Tite, I hain't a-goin' to back down; so's I'm a-goin' to lay it on ye, Josh Tite.

(JOSH and IKE get up and start toward each other with doubled fists.

LUCINDY and SINGING BILL run in to part them)

LUCINDY: Lord a-mercy, Singin' Bill, don't let 'em hitch.

(SINGING BILL grabs IKE and LUCINDY grabs JOSH)

SINGING BILL: Hold 'im, Lucindy. The Lord knows it's agin' my natur' to cause trouble, but seein' as how hit had to be, hold 'im, Lucindy!

JOSH: Get out o' my way, Lucindy!

LUCINDY: No sir, ye ain't a-goin' to kill no one in this house, Josh Tite!

IKE: Let me at 'im, Singin' Bill. Let me at 'im, I say. I'm gonna knock his head clean off'n his shoulders, fer callin' me a cheat.

JOSH: Ye air a cheat, Polecat Ike. Yer as crooked as a black snake in hot ashes!

IKE: I ain't a-gonna take no sech, Josh, I've give ye fair warnin'. Let me at 'im, Bill!

JOSH: Let me at 'im, Lucindy!

LUCINDY: Hold 'im tight, Bill!

SINGING BILL: Hold Josh, Lucindy. Hold 'im!

(Enter LEVI and RACHEL who are surprised at the scene. They both rush forward—RACHEL to LUCINDY'S aid and LEVI to SINGING BILL'S, both yelling, "Paw, Maw, what's the matter, what's the matter?")

IKE: I'll show ye what's the matter, Josh'll answer ye in the hereatter ef'n I git a-holt of 'im. Hit's agin me to hurt a man, but I'm shore goin' to dress Josh Tite down.

JOSH: No ye won't, ye polecat, I'm gonna pick ye up by the heels an' wear ye out over the floor. I'll larn ye some sense. (Yells) Watch out, Lucindy!

LUCINDY: Lord help me, Rachel. He'll shore kill Ike ef'n he gets at 'im. (RACHEL grabs JOSH)

SINGING BILL: Thar, thar, calm down, Ike! Calm down!

LEVI: (Shaking IKE by the shoulder) Paw, ef'n ye'll all be quite fer a spell, I'll—I'll—we'll—wal, me 'n' Rachel 'll tell ye somethin'. (They all stop and look at LEVI)

IKE: Wal! Hurry up an' spill hit. They hain't no use a-standin' thar a-yellin' about hit!

LEVI: Well—er—well—er—ye see—Ye tell 'em, Rachel!

(SINGING BILL grins behind his red bandana with which he is wiping away sweat)

RACHEL: (Moves over close to LEVI) Wal, ye see, folks, me an' Levi 'ave jes' ben an' got married by ole Preacher Hanks!

LUCINDY: What was 'at? Rachel, ye ain't meanin' to say ye an' Levi is hitched up?

RACHEL: Yeah, Maw, we shore air!

LUCINDY: Wal, who'd ever thunk hit of you two!

(IKE and JOSH drop down heavily in chairs)

IKE: (Looking from one to the other) Wal, upon my word an' deed 'n' honor!

JOSH: (Steps over to RACHEL and LEVI) Look a-here, Rachel, didn't I forbid ye to even go 'round with the skunk? (To LEVI) An' ye young scalawag, who'd ye ax consarnin' this weddin'?

LEVI: Why—why—I axed Rachel!

RACHEL: Shore he axed me, Paw, an' hit's my business, hain't hit, seein' as how I'm eighteen? 'N' Paw, don't forget ye promised me ole July fer a weddin' present, didn't he, Maw?

LUCINDY: Ye shore did, Josh. Hit was last tater-diggin' time 'n' les' see, yeah, ye promised 'er she could have a jes' claim on ole July, ef'n she'd dig the taters.

JOSH: (Meekly sinking back into chair and looking from Rachel to Lucindy) I—I—guess as how I did, Lucindy!

LEVI: Yeah, an' Paw, guess ye ricollect our

bet we made last spring. Ye know ye bet me ole Lasses 'n' Butter agin' my truck patch 'at I couldn't win Rachel—an' (looking bashful) ye see as how things 'es turned out, Paw. So guess I'll come 'round atter ole Lasses 'n' Butter tomorrow!

IKE: Well—I—well—I wish to may never see heaven, I reckon as how I did, son. I reckon ye right!

JOSH: (Looking at Ike with a sheepish grin) Wal, I guess what's to be's to be, Ike, but I'll be a gold dollar agin' a nickel 'at Singin' Bill had somethin' to do with this!

IKE: An' I'll bet yer right thar, Josh. Hit's right now come to my mind thet Singin' Bill busted up this here trade.

LUCINDY: Yeah, an' hit's jes' come to my mind thet ye knowed all the time 'bout Levi 'n' Rachel, Singin' Bill!

LEVI: An' hit's jes' come to my mind thet weren't fer ye, Singin' Bill, I wouldn't have got Rachel! (Places arm around RACHEL)

SINGING BILL: Wal, hit don't differ where 'bouts I come in. I'm thinkin' hit's a plum even swap ye got thar. Yeah, Sunday or no, I call hit a good trade!

(Exit SINGING BILL, singing "On Jordan's Stormy Banks")

CURTAIN

SATISFYING SOCIAL HUNGER

OLIVE D. CAMPBELL

It is usually the July number of MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK which publishes the proceedings of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers. This year however the April issue contains two contributions from the Folk Festival—the last session of which was the opening session of the Conference. We are proud to present on page 19 the play given that evening, March 9, by the John C. Campbell Folk School students, and here Mrs. Campbell's introduction to it, giving an idea of the place and history of recreation in our mountain work. —Editorial Note

Those of us who have been following the progress of the Conference over many years may feel, perhaps, a little shock of surprise that our sober deliberation of problems should be ushered in by an evening given over to recreation. The reason is not as far to seek as one might at first suppose. Living, as so many of us do, in rural sections, we have had brought before us again and again in puzzling and often troublesome fashion, the ever-recurring question of how the natural desire of young people for self-expression and pleasure may be satisfied and directed into creative rather than destructive channels. Nor is it a problem that has to do with young people alone.

Out of his experiences in a little mountain community in Alabama over forty years ago, Mr. Campbell, in the first chapter of "The Southern Highlander and His Homeland," wrote:

Only the uninitiated, or the wilfully blind optimist, could ascribe the great gatherings at funerals or the occasional church meetings to instinctive religious aspirations; they were an evidence not alone of religious aspiration, but of social hunger, in old and young alike, using these avenues for its satisfaction. The taboo put by various denominations upon many amusements relegated them to the few homes in the community where such amusements were often associated with pastimes justly tabooed.

Similarly George Russell, AE, writing of rural Ireland, says:

Nothing is more melancholy than to see young men seated on the roadside or under the shelter of a tree, talking in a melancholy way because there is no home in the district for social instinct, no village hall, no organization of games, no intellectual society. What wonder is it that suddenly in despair the young man, the young girl, decide to emigrate?

or, he might have added, do many other things which we would prefer them not to do.

The question of sound creative recreation goes deep into the heart of our rural problem, the more so as one comes to realize its relation to the growth of a sound community spirit. Where boys and girls, men and women, laugh and play together in simple and natural ways, they become "transparent" to each other. They cannot long harbor hatreds and grudges. So it happens that playing together often leads naturally to working together—a consideration of profound importance in laying the foundations of any co-operative effort.

As we have become aware of this need of recreation, the Conference has tried to meet it. Miss Dingman from sundry sources has collected and administered a small fund by which Frank Smith for two years served a number of centers. Richard Chase followed with six months' activity, and this year we have Richard Seaman, who by June will have worked with twelve centers. The recreation service is not yet as firmly established as I should like to see it. It has operated on the narrowest margin and nothing but Miss Dingman's skill could have made the slender financial resources go as far as they have done. If we wish to keep a good leader, and see a steady growth, we must have larger support, better co-operation.

All three of our leaders have been fully in sympathy with the use of folk material—folk-song, games, dance, story, drama. That a folk festival should grow out of their work was almost inevitable; but not as an end in itself nor as demonstration for onlookers. From the beginning, it was conceived as a means by which groups from all over the mountain country could come to know and to enjoy each other in common action, and through which they could exchange folk material of different kinds. Naturally such an occasion would act also as a stimulus to interest in recreation and lead to a larger, more general movement.

Our first festival, held at Berea two years ago, was so successful that we at once planned for another. We were to have gone last year to Lexington, at the very generous invitation of the University of Kentucky, but were prevented by

the Kentucky quarantine for epidemic meningitis. I do not need to explain, I am sure, why it seemed especially appropriate to meet here this year, in connection with this Twenty-fifth Anniversary of our Conference. We are an outgrowth of the Conference, and one of the many evidences of its growth in understanding and scope.

It is quite a thrilling sight, to me at all events, to see here on the floor, during these two days, eleven centers, representing Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina. I am sorry you could not all have had more opportunity to be with them.

The first number on the program tonight will be the original play written and acted by students of the John C. Campbell Folk School. This place of honor was not given, needless to say, on the comparative merits of the play, but because of the school's connection with Mr. Campbell. At the school we have been working with the group method in play-writing, although this particular play was largely written by two individuals, Lee Haynes and Jewel Ritchie. Setting, situation,

and speech we try to keep, as closely as possible, in harmony with life in the mountains as we know it—present day or past or passing. Not only does the student group criticize each production for any false note, but a community committee always adds suggestions and comments. In this way we may hope to ring true. Moreover, I believe we come to appreciate better our own culture roots and to enjoy somewhat objectively our own characteristics.

The motive of this play, "Thet Fust Class Mule," is the well-known one of horse swapping. Josh Tite and Ike Lovingood are two old horse-traders, and their efforts to beat each other involve Ike's son, Levi, and Josh's daughter, Rachel, as well as Lucindy Tite, Josh's wife. "Singing Bill" is one of those lovable old characters who is welcome at every fireside, as he roams about singing old hymns and songs and bringing the news of the countryside.

We are indebted to the Hindman group for ushering in our performance with the singing of "The Swapping Song."

THE REVIEWING STAND

AMERICAN FRONTIER

By Elisabeth Peck. New York, Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1937. \$2.00. (To be published May 28)

A woman sat aboard an ark,
Spinning a double strand,
A thread of flax and a thread of song.
(From "The Shadow")

It is good to know and to make known with exactitude of detail the facts about any period of history and its persons—that Harman Blennerhassett could recite the entire "Iliad" from memory; and that they danced to "Possum up de Gum Tree" at the ball given for Andrew Jackson at New Orleans in 1815. When the scholar's knowledge is permeated by imagination, notable achievement results. Readers not uninformed about American history will gain new knowledge from "American Frontier," so large is the range of persons, places, and incidents in this book of forty-nine poems, so closely is it filled with act-

ualities—with the clothes people wore, the houses they lived in, the implements they worked with and how they made them, with the food they ate. Informed and uninformed alike will find here frontier men and women seen with imaginative sympathy that understands how those men and women felt; that views with a deep, unsentimental respect their achievements, their endurance, their hopefulness. The "fair-faced woman" of Fort Dearborn (in "Misunderstanding"), entering an Indian woman's wigwam to trade with her, "looked in vain for sharing words." She did not know her own past history, did not know that fifteen hundred years ago she had lived in a thatched hut in Germany. To her the Indian woman and herself were awkwardly different. Elisabeth Peck knows the story of those fifteen hundred years, and many other stories, and so she sees that the two women are fundamentally alike and like her other characters. They are all persons; and dig-

nity and honor are in that name. She has found "sharing words." In their pattern is the "double strand" of scholarship and imagination.

There is a double strand of form in so many of the poems as to leave an impression of a characteristic technique. This technique gives strong dramatic quality. Sometimes the two threads are definitely given by dialogue; sometimes there is the thread of speech accompanied by a thread of author's comment whereby a background of interpretation is provided. Sometimes this double strand is one person's: a strand of spoken narrative and one of unspoken thought; perhaps a reverie is punctuated by a recurrent memory. There is a remarkable variety in these uses of one voice against another; the effect is always enrichment, the adding of a dimension.

The book is quiet. There is humor in it, there is excitement, but the sensational and violent aspects of the historic material that are included are few compared with the number of pictures of steady, homely, constructive pioneer life—where, to be sure, every day is an adventure. One sees in this book the adventure. But one is struck by the number of gentle persons; wistfulness recurs; lyric outburst is subdued to meditation; a grave dignity dominates.

What is the essence of this so individual book? Is it notable as poetry or as history? One turns to one's first impression of the "double strand." How successfully research and creation have met here and used each the other's values! The book is a distinguished contribution to American thought.

MAY B. SMITH

A SONG CATCHER IN SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

By Dorothy Scarborough, New York, Columbia University Press, 1937. \$3.75.

"A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains" is a pertinent title for this new collection of old-time songs, for the reader probably will be as much interested in the "song-catcher" herself as he will be in the songs she caught. This is especially

true if he is already fairly well acquainted with British balladry and its American prototypes. There is little that is actually new in the ballad and song sections of the book. Miss Scarborough has succeeded only in catching interesting variants of familiar material, but these she presents exactly as they were sung or written with no attempt to correct or "fancify," therefore she has given the world a volume that will be of real value to the student of American folk-music. She intersperses a running commentary of historical facts, generous acknowledgement of singers, and personal delight in the philosophy of the songs which will be of especial interest to those who are just beginning to study the field. The songs were sung into a dictaphone and then carefully transcribed into notes, thus insuring a high degree of authenticity.

In the first section of the book "The Background," Miss Scarborough has made a real contribution to that part of American letters which interprets life as it actually is lived in the isolated sections of the southern mountains. She describes with vividness, sympathy and keen admiration, the people she meets in her adventures. Her delighted surprise is like that of one who, long accustomed to the papier-mache scenery of a stage, comes into contact at last with real rocks and trees and is traveling in the experience. She meets genuineness with genuineness and the result is an interesting and valuable book.

GLADYS V. JAMESON

THE SOCIAL WORK YEAR BOOK, 1937

Russell H. Kurtz, Editor. New York, Russell Sage Foundation, 1937. \$4.00

This is an invaluable tool for everyday use by those who are doing any sort of social work, and should prove most useful as well to those who are outside the field but who have occasion to refer to social work materials. The 1937 volume includes changes following the Social Security Act and other late developments of major importance.

The book is divided into signed articles on topics of importance in the field, and an excellent directory of agencies. Complete indexing is an aid to the reader.

M. G. T.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING

A nation-wide enlistment of student volunteers to take part in a major drive for peace this summer has been started by the Youth Section of the Emergency Peace Campaign. Enlistment is open to all young men and women of college age and older, regardless of race or creed. As they did last year, the volunteers will form "Peace Teams" after a period of training, and will operate in various sections of the country, speaking before clubs, young people's societies, churches, farm unions, and labor groups.

We have received announcements of two new radio listening centers established by the University of Kentucky. One is at Mozelle, in Leslie County, four miles from the nearest improved road. The other is at Turkey Creek Mission, Houston. The location of the set in the academy there will not only benefit the children attending, but will provide suitable facilities for adults of the community to hear educational and other worth while radio programs.

The new director at Delta Zeta Community Center, Vest, Ky., is Millicent Watkinson. She is taking over the work formerly done by Eva Hathaway.

Uplands Sanatorium is doing a splendid piece of work in the way of out-clinics held in neighboring communities. It is astonishing what a lot of health work can be done in surprising places—a deserted garage, or a school cloak room. With the coming of an assistant it is hoped that the clinics may be held two or three times a week. Workers at Uplands are looking forward to the dedication of their new building for tuberculosis.

Lees-McRae College is trying an ingenious modification of the house plan of residence for student boys. The plan is to build fifteen cottages in groups, forming a community governed and served by the boys themselves. Besides being responsible for heat, light, insurance and upkeep in their own cottages, they would by governing their little colony learn something about participation in civic affairs. In summer the cottages, each furnished with a vegetable garden, will be available for summer residents, the income from rentals to be used for scholarship funds.

Mountain poetry seems to be flourishing. James Still of Hindman will see his first volume of poems published in the early summer. Jesse Stuart has been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship for travel and work in Scotland.

MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK

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DESPITE REGIONAL DIFFERENCES

At the recent Conference in Knoxville, March 9-11, Dr. Doak Sheridan Campbell probably did a good deed when he reminded mountain workers that it was unwise to consider the Southern Appalachians as unique in problems and population. Specifically in connection with some mountain areas he mentioned the Mississippi Delta, where share croppers, to our national dismay, have been found to be facing a similarly acute economic situation. It is good now and then to stand back and think of rural America as a whole, recognizing the great common problems of submarginal income, isolation, health needs, and hunger for such educational, cultural and spiritual resources as will fit young people for building a vital rural life.

"American Frontier," by Elisabeth Peck, reviewed in this issue, reminds us splendidly that the mountain people played a great part in pioneer America. Today we must realize that despite regional differences they share some of the national problems and burdens; that they have not escaped some national epidemics, and that any solution of their difficulties must be of national as well as regional import.

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